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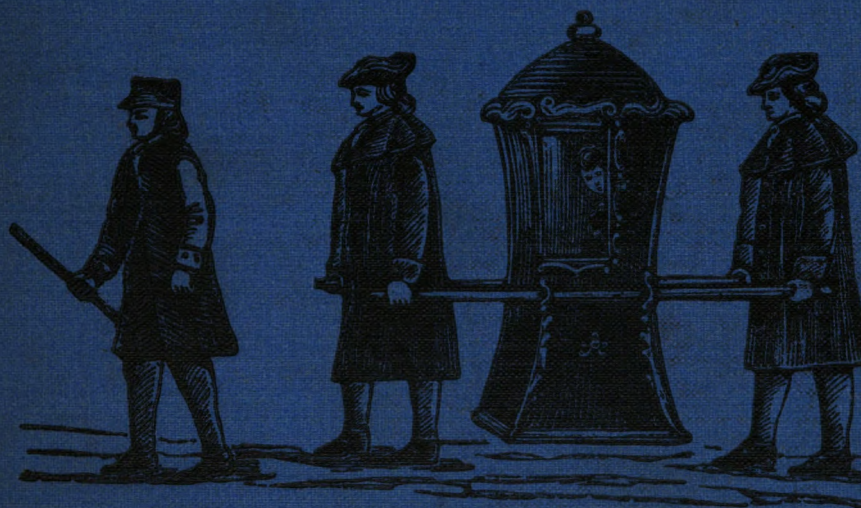
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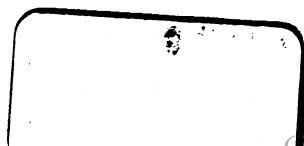
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MEN AND WOMEN
OF THE
FAR-OFF TIME



S. H. BURKE



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AS THEY
APPEARED IN THE FAR-OFF TIME.

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BY

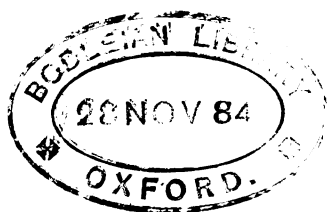
S. H. BURKE,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORICAL "PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY".

"KNOWLEDGE KNOWS NO DISTINCTION OF PERSONS: IT DEMANDS ONLY
A REVERENCE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE JUST."

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INTRODUCTION.

WE should continue to think favourably of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, for to them we are not only indebted for our language, and for the foundation of almost all the towns and villages in England, but for our political institutions; and to them we may trace the origin of whatever has most benefited and distinguished our country as a nation. The descendants of the Anglo-Saxons seem destined to be by far the most numerous and powerful race of mankind. And the English language is likely to be spoken by a far greater number of civilised men and women than ever stood forward to claim citizenship with Greece and Rome.

Let me respectfully remark, that to render History interesting, what is required is, to make the portraits so life-like as to force us to feel that we are in the presence of a brother man or a sister woman, and to inspire us with an interest in his or her doings and sayings, each individual becoming a psychological study on a miniature scale. The greatest difficulty for the

impartial searcher into historic truth is to pierce the mountain of misrepresentation which has hitherto so long covered the real facts as to men and annals. I have, however, some faith in the motto which I have adopted for my historical relations—namely, “Time unveils all Truth”.

S. H. BURKE.

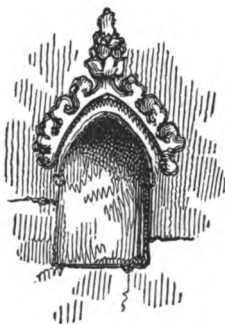
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MEN AND WOMEN AS THEY APPEARED IN THE FAR OFF TIME.

“GOOD OR BAD LUCK.”

SOME people fancy, and others attempt to persuade themselves, that there is no such thing as “Good or bad luck”. The words are simple, colloquial, intelligible, and of old Saxon descent, and as much in use as any in the English language of the present time. But there are persons who affect to be shocked when the vulgar terms of good or bad luck are applied to the worldly actions of men. They start as if piety were invaded, and the doctrine of predestination making insidious approaches as with a masked battery. According to their orthodoxy, the events of every man’s life are in his own hands, to be regulated by his own conduct. If he be in the right course he will succeed. If he have strayed into a wrong path he will fail. The wise man cannot miss the mark, which the fool can never approach. Actions govern fate. “Fate,” wrote the greatest of modern poets, in 1823, “is a good excuse for our own will.”

Home, the author of “Douglas,” many years before, wrote, and printed in the first edition of his tragedy, that circumstances could be controlled by determination, and that “Persistent wisdom is the fate of man”. But he raised an outcry

under which he quailed, and in the next edition expunged the line, and explained away the hypothesis.

There can be no doubt that many produce their own misfortunes by wilfulness, want of judgment, unsteadiness in principle, or by not knowing when and how to seize the favouring opportunity. But, on the other hand, our ablest efforts are often rendered abortive by a counter-tide of disaster which we have not set flowing, and which we can neither stem nor turn.

For purposes we are unable to fathom, the presiding Providence which governs the universe, dispenses or withholds the blessings of temporal prosperity without reference to personal character. The good are often hunted by calamity, while the bad appear to be selected as the special favourites of fortune. Some cannot succeed by any effort of genius or virtue, while others are impervious to the shafts of failure, although not distinguished by superior talent or integrity. It is better to study and draw profit from this lesson than to cavil at the causes by which it is produced. As long as human nature exists under its present construction, so long will human beings believe in the predominant influence of what all understand when they apply the terms "Lucky and Unlucky," to particular families, individuals, or transactions. They are not led to this by any want of proper notions on the subject of religion; neither do they build temples to the goddess Fortuna, nor hold faith with the Pagan doctrine that Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos regulate the destinies of mortals, as laid down in the ancient Mythology.

M. De Moivre calculates with mathematical nicety what he calls "the doctrine of chances". Experience falsifies the calculation in nine cases out of ten. The profound arithmetician tells you, that if you take the dice in your hand it is thirty to one against your throwing a particular number, and a hundred to one against your repeating the same throw three times in succession, and so on in an augmenting ratio. You take the dice and throw. At the first cast up comes the unlikely number,

and you repeat it eleven times running. Away goes the calculation; but neither he nor you can explain the agency by which it is foiled. And thus it is from the veriest trifles up to the gravest avocations of life. Fortune decides everything; and what I mean to convey by fortune is well expressed in the closing sentence of the historian of the "Peninsular War"—"that name for the combinations of Infinite Power, without whose aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean". Shakespeare conveys the same meaning in two impressive lines—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

Cardinal Mazarin would never employ a general proverbially unfortunate, no matter how strongly recommended, or how evident his capability. With him luck was all, talent nothing if linked to an unpropitious star. His great predecessor, Richelieu, thought differently. His favourite maxim was, "An unfortunate and imprudent person are synonymous terms". Juvenal said the same thing sixteen centuries before him.

The rule may hold good in general, but it abounds with exceptions. Thousands dislike commencing any important undertaking on a *Friday*. Many strong minds believe that particular days have a particular influence on their fortunes. Uneven numbers are more popular than even ones. A superstitious or religious origin may be claimed for this preference.

Superstitious fancies are not of necessity linked with weakness or want of courage. No one can doubt the bravery of Marshal Saxe, yet it was said of him that he always looked under his bed every night, and locked his chamber door. He had a peculiar antipathy to cats, and all nocturnal intruders. Napoleon considered himself the chosen favourite of destiny. Cicero, when he proposed Pompey to the Roman Senate, to undertake the war against the pirates who had nearly annihi-

lated the commerce of the Republic in the Mediterranean, recommended him as "semper felix," always lucky, before he spoke of his superior abilities or experience. The desire for success alone surmounts many difficulties, and often imparts marvellous strength through the confidence and hearty co-operation of subordinates. With these observations I introduce this volume to our own people and to the book-reading inhabitants of the United States, whose joint and generous support may enable me to feel that I have met with the "good-luck" of giving pleasure, however brief, to my well-beloved patrons of both hemispheres.





THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

THE English people of the present day do not sufficiently appreciate the merits of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who, with some faults—perhaps more of the head than of the heart—were a persevering energetic race, who had immense difficulties to encounter in their “infant state of nationality”. They were hospitable in every station in life; and their devotion to religion was marked by the most fervent feeling. They had faith in good works. “A good son or a good daughter was certain to have good luck.” No people in Europe were more indebted to Churchmen than the Anglo-Saxon Catholics, who, in return, adorned God’s House with gold and silver altars. The penitential seasons were observed with strictness, and the feasts of the Church were duly honoured. The sermons, still extant, give evidence of the immense zeal and kindly feeling of the clergy of those primitive times.

As to the social posture of affairs, the food and cookery of the Anglo-Saxons varied with the progress of civilisation.

The sanitary condition of the towns frequently led to fever of the worst kind, followed by a Continental sweating sickness. Children’s diseases were also frequent. Then came pirates and Continental outlaws, causing much trouble to the peaceable people, who still persevered in their honest mode of life. The Anglo-Saxon physicians recommended vegetable diet as highly conducive to health. Many of the medical men were monks, who studied in Paris and Florence.

The farmers reared cattle, sheep, and swine ; and the women attended to the fowl and eggs, which were produced in great abundance. The corn was of various qualities ; but the land was not half cultivated ; and the crops were frequently destroyed by hares and rabbits, which were immensely numerous.

The swine were also plentiful ; and went wild in the woods and forests. The swine are frequently mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon "wills" as a particular portion of the property "bequeathed to kindred or friends". A nobleman, for instance, gives to his relations "a certain measurement of land, with one hundred swine"; and he further directs "one hundred swine to be given for the health of his *sowle* to a certain old cleric, and a holy monk, to pray for him *after death*". In another case the fortune bequeathed to a young lady was one thousand swine and thirty goats. Elfhelm gives land to S. Peter's at Westminster on the "condition that the monks would feed two hundred pigs daily for his widow till she had bartered them for other animals".

The Anglo-Saxons used great quantities of fish annually, especially in the "black season" (Lent.) And they consumed eels as largely as swine. An ancient chronicle refers to "two grants of eels, each yielding one thousand ; and, in another case, two thousand eels were paid annually as a portion of the rent due to a monastic house".

The monks of Ramsay were very hospitable, and they were also very grateful ; bad seasons came for three years ; the people were in dire distress, but the monks worked energetically for them, and received aid from many of the religious houses. The monks of Peterborough divided with the monks of Ramsay and their people to the "last tub of meal". The troubled waters subsided, and plenty was again in the barns and larders of the Anglo-Saxons. The eel fishery continued to be a source of much profit to the people and the monks. In one small space sixteen thousand eels were taken in one year. Accord-

ing to another return, sixty thousand eels were furnished in one season by twenty fishermen to the Abbey of Ramsay. The monks were excellent cooks, and the eels were dressed in six different fashions. Hundreds of people were entertained daily at Ramsay, especially poor orphans.

Herrings, salmon, and sturgeon were in requisition; also oysters, crabs, mussels, cockles, lobsters and even the humble *winkle*. The porpoise is mentioned in a convention between an archbishop and his clergy at Bath, which enumerates six of them under the name of mere swine, or the sea-swine. In the earlier periods of the Anglo-Saxon colonisation their use of fish was more limited. In the eighth century they were in utter ignorance of the art of fishing, except for eels. In the islands off the west coast of Ireland the natives to this day cure and consume porpoise flesh as bacon, dried by turf smoke.

In a Council held in Northumbria, before Alfwald, the porpoise was "declared unfit for human food".

Wheat and barley were in general use, but their prices were different; the wheaten bread was beyond the reach of the poor. Both water and windmills were in use in those days; and the "thrashing flail" of our great-grandfathers was, it is alleged, an invention of the Anglo-Saxons. Bede states that our worthy ancestors used hot bread, butter, and milk for breakfast. They had good cheese, eggs, butter, and milk in plenty. The women at special seasons made "pancakes," composed of milk, eggs, flour and sugar; much diversion took place on those occasions, the men, for some reason unexplained, were excluded. Honey was very plentiful and a favourite diet with wheaten cake. Leland relates that it "excels all the dishes of delicacies, and even peppered broth".

Orchards were well cultivated in those days, and we find figs, grapes, nuts, almonds, pears, and apples in abundance at the festive gatherings.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies, most gracious and lovable beings, were not excluded from the society of the male sex at the festive board. The ladies were very intelligent.

In a MS. on those "good old times," I find the following with respect to the social regulations for children :—"What do you eat to-day, little dear?" "As yet I feed on flesh meat, because I am a child living under the rod." "What more do you eat?" "Herbs, eggs, fish, cheese, butter, and beans, and all clean things I eat with many thanks."

Children's parties were put in motion in the tenth century. Those entertainments were amongst the upper classes. The guests were chiefly young ladies from ten to twelve years of age. An old woman attended and related many stories of the "fairies and good people".

I will make a brief reference to the liquors used by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Ale and mead were their favourite drinks, and wine was an occasional luxury. There were three qualities of ale, and adulteration of liquor was a thing unknown. The doctors of those times ordered "warm wine to people of delicate health, and a small quantity to children".

The answer of a youth in the Saxon colloquy to the question what he drank, was, "Ale, if I have it, or water if I have not". On being asked why he does not drink wine, he says, "I am not so rich that I can buy wine, and besides wine is not the drink for children. Milk is our natural drink."

In a quaint calendar of the eighth century there are various figures and pictures to symbolise the different months. For April, three persons appear sitting and drinking, one person is pouring out liquor into a horn; another is holding a horn to his mouth. At those merry meetings a good feeling prevailed, and boisterous language was not tolerated.

Pigment was a sweet liquor made of honey, wine, and spices of various kinds. Morat was made of honey, diluted with the juice of mulberries. Women partook of this liquor, but in

Lent they abstained from all liquors. As the ancient canons were very severe on drunkenness, it was thought necessary to define what was considered to be improper and "penal intoxication". The old chronicle says: "It is clearly drunkenness when the state of the mind is changed from its natural condition, becomes violent, blasphemes, and insults those around; or is foolish in talk. And again, the tongue stammers; the eyes are disturbed; the head becomes giddy; the limbs weak; the stomach sickens; and the friends of the man become ashamed of him." To atone to God and to society for such scandals, the Church instituted a "special black fast for those persons who were afflicted by the obnoxious vice of drunkenness". What a contrast with the England of these days! The drunken man's penance sometimes varied. He had "*to abstain from all meats for ten days; to live upon herbs and water; and to ask pardon from those to whom he had given scandal*".* The maxim of the law was, to the effect, that every man might drink some liquor, but not to become out of his wits by drink. No priest, or man belonging to a religious community, was permitted to enter and drink, or eat, in any house where liquors were sold.

Ethelwold allowed his monks one pint of ale each on the great festivals of the Church, but on all other days they partook only of milk or water. There was always a good stock of wine at the abbeys for the various foreigners who were, at times, the guests of the abbot, or bishop.

The Anglo-Saxons boiled, baked, and broiled their food. The old chronicles describe meat dressed "in a boiling vessel,

* To wash the feet of the poor was one of the acts of penance to be performed by the rich glutton. (Wilken's *Anglo-Saxon Domestic Life*.) In 735, a young lady who felt it very sinful to be vain of her "personal beauty," mortified herself for this weakness by lying on the bare ground for two nights in each week, and "washing the feet of six orphan children who were destitute of friends".

and the fish broiled ; and large ovens were heated to bake bread". Bede mentions "a large fat goose, that hung on the wall from the cats, being taken down to be boiled". S. Benedict says, "a goose is best roasted before the fire". I quite agree with the good Saint concerning the roast goose. I never saw a boiled goose but once, and that was in the county of Galway when I was only five years old. I remember the incident well. Whether in a monastery, or the castle of a lord, the cook was always considered an important personage. When a certain abbess was about to dismiss her cook, the latter replied, "If you expel me from your convent, you will have to live on green herbs and raw flesh". The cook triumphed for a time.

The Anglo-Saxons seem to have attended to cookery not merely as a matter of domestic comfort, but of indispensable decorum. It was one of their regulations, that if a person partook of meat half-dressed, ignorantly, he should *fast three days ; if knowingly, four days*. The uncivilised northern tribes, when in England, ate *raw flesh*. The monks did much to abolish this system ; they delivered suitable lectures upon cookery, which gradually became popular.

In the drawings which accompany some Anglo-Saxon manuscripts we have some delineation of their customs at table. In one drawing a party is at table, seated, with the females by the side of the men, in this order : a man, a lady ; a man, a lady ; two men, and another lady. The two first are looking towards each other, as if talking together ; the three in the middle are engaged with each other, and so are the two last ; each has a cup or horn in the hand. The table is oblong, and covered with a table-cloth that hangs low down from the table, a knife, a horn, a bowl, a dish, and some loaves appear. The men are uncovered, the women wear their usual head-dresses. In another drawing, the table is of sharp oval shape, covered with an ample cloth ; besides a knife and a spoon, there are a

bowl with fish, some loaves of bread, and two other dishes. At the angles of the tables two attendants are upon their knees, with a dish in one hand, and each holding up a spit with the other, from which the folks feasting are about to cut something. One of the persons, to whom the servants minister like slaves—perhaps they were slaves—is holding a whole fish with one hand and a knife in the other. *

The Anglo-Saxons lived comfortably, and although rude in manners, they entertained a sensitive feeling as to hospitality and benevolence. The Anglo-Saxons had become so much acquainted with the conveniences of civilised life as to have both variety and vanity in dress. The wife, described by Aldhelm, has necklaces and bracelets, and also rings, with gems on her fingers. The hair was dressed artificially, and had a curious appearance. The hair of a young maid who dedicated herself to religion was entirely neglected for seven years, and then her head was covered with a red hood, ornamented by a gold or silver crucifix. Women who were not connected with convents felt great pride in keeping the hair in a highly cultivated fashion. Judith is frequently mentioned with most pleasing epithets in allusion to her "twisted locks". In the private conversation of young ladies of the Anglo-Saxon times, the beauty and style of curling hair were the topics most discussed. An anecdote about the Fairies was always acceptable to the Anglo-Saxon women and children.

A woman who was a serf, or slave, was not permitted to wear her hair in the fashion of a free woman.

Painting the face was not in much use, being forbidden by

* The Anglo-Saxons knew nothing of "forks". Forks are an article of domestic luxury belonging to a far later period. Forks are said to have been introduced into England from Italy by Tom Coriate, in the reign of James the First. I will, however venture to state that De Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador, presented half-a-dozen forks to Queen Elizabeth. They were invented by a Spanish monk named Paul Trimletta.

the Church. Amongst barbarous nations painting the face and arms was always considered an ornament to women.

The Anglo-Saxon ladies were delighted at receiving Christmas presents of jewellery. Amongst the articles sometimes presented was a golden fly, beautifully adorned with gems; gold vermiculated necklaces were presented to a young lady on May-day, "as a proof of the constancy of some loving youth, whose slave presented the casket to his master's ladye-love". Gold head-bands were in use, and at Easter the gold and silver neck-cross was presented to ladies—young and old. The only article of jewellery a serf woman could hold was a cross or crucifix with a little image of the Redeemer.

The ladies were dressed in a gunna, or gown sewed in something like our modern style. The long mantle, kirtle, gowns and ornamental cuffs are mentioned in the wardrobe collection of an Anglo-Saxon lady. In the drawings on the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxon times, the women appear with a long loose robe, reaching down to the ground, and large loose sleeves. Upon the head is a hood, or veil, which falling down before, was wrapped round the neck and breast. All the ladies in the ancient drawings have their necks, from the chin, closely wrapped in the above fashion; and in none of them is a fine waist attempted to be displayed, nor have their heads any other covering than a hood. The hoods were of different colours, and sometimes ornamented. The ladies delighted in perfumery, which, it is related, was first brought from India by a monk. This statement is doubtful.

The Anglo-Saxons loved the pleasures of the table, but at the same time they united with them the more intellectual diversions. At the "social gatherings" it was the custom for all to sing. No gentleman's house was without a minstrel. The minstrel was generally a poet and a story-teller who had travelled in distant climes; and his romantic narratives of "Love and war" were always set down as "facts". The

story-teller was highly esteemed by the Anglo-Saxon ladies, who desired information as to the mode of courtship in other countries. The story-teller arranged his narratives to please the romantic dreams of his fair audience.

A class of people styled gleemen, as early as the tenth century, were sometimes employed in teaching animals to dance, to tumble, and to put themselves into a variety of attitudes for the amusement of a crowd who assembled to witness the performance, which took place on an eminence resembling a stage.

The Anglo-Saxon gentlemen were inclined to intrude upon the taste and fashions of the ladies. They had sometimes gold and precious stones round their necks; and men of rank or wealth usually had expensive bracelets on their arms, and rings on their fingers. The bracelets worn by gentlemen were more costly than those purchased for their wives or daughters. In some of the apparel of the Anglo-Saxon gentlemen a love of gorgeous dress was evinced for several generations. Gentlemen appeared in silk garments woven with golden eagles. A king's coronation robe was of silk, woven with gold flowers. Silk, linen, and woollen garments were in fashion amongst men. The clergy, too, were reproved for the style in which they dressed. The bishops told them they should "appear in an humble apparel, befitting the Soldiers of the Cross". So the clergy obeyed the order.

The use of linen in those times was not uncommon. Silk, from its high price, was an article of luxury for the wealthy. Silk was used in the vestments of the clergy, and the kings often made presents of costly silk to the cathedrals. The niece of Ethelbert presented her white silk wedding-robe to be "turned into a vestment for the bishop of her district". And, in return, the fair Editha received a golden drinking cup. Bede states that he had seen two silken pallia of incomparable workmanship; and "many comely virgins came to work at this

same present". Silk was sometimes mixed with goat's wool. When Bede died it was unanimously decreed that his remains should be enclosed in a silk robe.

The delineations of the Saxon manuscripts almost universally represent the hair of the men as divided from the crown to the forehead, and combed down the sides of the head in waving ringlets. Their beards were continuations of their whiskers on each side, meeting the hair from the chin, but there dividing, and ending in two forked points. Young men, and sometimes servants, are represented without beards. The heads of the soldiers are always covered. The nobles sometimes appeared in the open air without any head covering.

The clergy were forbidden to have a beard like laymen, or to dress in the same fashion, and were ordered to have a silver crucifix, or cross, on the front of their cloak. The clergy were likewise forbidden to attend wedding parties, or dancing—"footing up and down to the air of music".

In the drawings of the Evangelists, in the Cotton MS., S. Mark and S. John have neither beards nor moustaches, but S. Matthew and S. Luke have both.

The Anglo-Saxons did not uncover the head in the king's presence. Most of the figures have close coats, with sleeves to the wrist, and they are girded round them with a belt. Harold, on horseback, with his falcon, has breeches which do not cover his knees.

In the history of the Lombards, the Anglo-Saxon garments are stated to have been loose and flowing, and chiefly made of linen, adorned with broad borders, woven or embroidered with various colours. The four Evangelists are drawn in a remarkable fashion. S. Matthew has a purple under-gown or vest, rather close, coming down to the wrists, with a yellow border at the neck, wrists, and the bottom. The Saint's upper robe is green, with red stripes, much looser than the other. The feet have no shoes, but a kind of lacing, as for sandals. There is a

brown curtain, with rings and a yellow bottom. The stool on which the Evangelist is seated has no back ; and he writes on his knees.

S. Mark is represented in a purple robe, striped with blue, buttoned at the neck, where it opens, and shows an under-garment of light blue striped with red. His cushion is blue ; he has a footstool and a small round table.

S. Luke's under-dress is a sort of lilac, with light green stripes. The arm is of the colour of the vest, and comes through the robe. His wrists and neck have a border.

S. John's under-garment is a pea-green with red stripes ; his upper robe is purple with blue stripes. This is very loose, and opening at the breast, shows the dress beneath. These pictures are worthy of attention, and in many respects bear out the statements of the ancient chronicles, that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were enthusiasts about *colours*, fond of dress, and unbounded in their hospitality.

In their ecclesiastical buildings the Anglo-Saxons were expensive and magnificent, nevertheless their dwelling-houses seem to have been small and inconvenient. Domestic architecture is one of the things that most conspicuously display and attend the progress of national wealth and taste. The more we recede into the antiquities of every state, we invariably find the habitations of the people ruder and less commodious. The furniture of the Anglo-Saxons we can only know as it happens to be mentioned, and sometimes imperfectly described in the chronicles of the times. The various articles of furniture in use were heavy and unworkmanlike. Nevertheless, the Anglo-Saxons had many conveniences and luxuries which men so recently emerging from the barbarian state could not have derived from their own invention. Their conversion to Christianity, and the frequent visits of the more wealthy to Rome, gave new tastes, and remodelled, as it were, the character of the people, whose fierce disposition became

gradually softened under the Divine influence of the Gospel. The monks, at this period, were the men who introduced social reform in the households of the land. The monks came from Rome, at that time the seat and centre of all the arts, science, wealth, and industry. The monks added to their theological acquirements, the study of medicine, also a mechanical knowledge: they were agriculturists and botanists. A Scottish monk, named Alexander Graham, introduced a famous vegetable soup to the Anglo-Saxons, which has been represented as most nutritious, and of much benefit to the poor. This soup was known in the days of Alfred as "Graham's Sauce for the Poor". An Irish monk introduced to the inhabitants of the Border Country, Irish beer, said to be manufactured from heath, an "excellent liquor without any intoxicating powers". The presence of the Anglo-Saxon monks in those days was of immense service to the country. They regulated the various orders of society, and pointed out to the lower classes the evil consequences of drunkenness, which was then the prevailing vice. The monks were undoubtedly the guardians of the poor against the exactions of the rich. Such was their reputation throughout Europe in those times.

Domestic comforts sprang up in every circle, according to their means. Among the furniture I find hangings to be suspended on the walls, most of them silken, some with the figures of golden birds in needlework; some woven, and others plain. One of the chronicles describes a "piece of something like tapestry," which represented the destruction of Troy. These ideas were evidently suggested by some learned monk. In another instance, on the curtain of a lady was woven the "good actions" of her deceased husband. Curtains and hangings are often mentioned, sometimes in Latin, but more frequently in Saxon. Benches and seats, and their violet coverings were popular in private houses. The footstools were ornamented. As a proof of a gentleman's esteem for a

young lady, he placed wild flowers on her footstool. If his attachment assumed an earnest and romantic love, he placed the violet and ivy, bound together with a white silk band, on her stool. This memorial of love was arranged in the lady's absence. The secret was confided to her female slave.

Tables, in the houses of the affluent, were sometimes very costly. Ethelwold, in Edgar's reign, presented a table made of solid silver to a relative as a birthday present. One table of silver cost £300—a very large sum in those days. In many places the altars in the churches were made of silver and gold.

Bede describes the gold and silver candlesticks in use, with candles made from "the fat of the kid". In 833 a lady presented a large gold basin to an abbey for baptismal uses.

Horns were much used at table. The Mercian King gave to Croyland Monastery the horn of his table, "that the older monks may drink thereout on festivals, and in their benediction remember the poor *sowle* of the donor". The curiously-carved horn goblet, which is still preserved in York Cathedral, was made in the Anglo-Saxon times.

Glass vessels, which are among our present domestic utensils, were little known in the days of Bede and Boniface. Glass vessels came into use under the Norman Conquerors.

I now refer to the Anglo-Saxon marriages. The female sex was much more highly valued, and far more respectfully treated, by the rude Gothic nations than by the more polished States of the East. Among the Anglo-Saxons, ladies and women of good social position, who were "not bred up with high ideas," as a native bard describes them, occupied nearly the same important and independent rank in society as the women of England now enjoy. The Anglo-Saxon women were "allowed to possess, to inherit, and to transmit landed property; they shared in all the social festivities; they were present at the "Witena Gemot," and the "Shire Gemot";

they were permitted to sue, and be sued, in the Justice Hall of the district where they resided; their persons, their safety, their liberty, and their property were protected by special laws; whilst they possessed a share of that influence which, while the human heart is responsive to the touch of love, they will ever retain in those countries whose men have the wisdom, the chivalry, and the kindly sense of justice to treat women as equal, intelligent, and independent beings.

The earliest institutes respecting the Anglo-Saxon marriages occur in the laws of Ethelbert, before that monarch's conversion to Christianity. According to the code of Ethelbert, a man might purchase a woman, if the agreement were made without fraud; but if deceit of any kind was discovered, the maiden was to be taken back to her own house, and the purchase-money *immediately restored*. It was also enjoined that if a wife became a mother, and survived her husband, she was to have half *his* property. She was allowed the same privilege if she chose to live with her children; but if she were childless, her husband's paternal relations were to have his possessions and the "moyen gift".

The customary forms attendant upon their marriage contracts are more clearly displayed in the laws enacted by Edmund. The consent of the young lady and her immediate relatives and friends was first to be obtained, and nothing to be agreed upon in haste or privately. The bridegroom was to give his promise, and a solemn pledge before witnesses, to the parties who represented the bride, that he desired to have her as *his* wife, and to maintain her according to the laws of God, as a man should love and sustain his young wife. The women of this period were so far protected by the law that the bridegroom was compelled to produce what we might style solvent security, to guarantee for the due observance of the various covenants agreed upon the part of the intended husband. The parties being thus betrothed, the next step was to settle

the "faster leau," or money requisite for the "support of any children that might hereafter be born of the said marriage". In this matter the friends of the bridegroom became security. A number of presents were then made to the bride and her lady-friends, just after the fashion of the present time. The friends of both parties met on three occasions before the wedding; when they all partook of spiced wine and cake, and shook hands with much cordiality.

On the day of the wedding, the slaves, and poor reduced people, were supplied with food, beef, mutton, fowl, and ale. The story-tellers were likewise present.

Family quarrels were removed on the occasion of a wedding, and many stoups of liquor passed between former foes.

For the more complete assurance of the lady's personal safety and comfort in those times wherein a multiplicity of jurisdictions gave impunity to crime, the friends who took the pledges were authorized to become guarantee to the wife, that if her husband carried her into another land, he would do her no injury; and, that if she did wrong, they would be ready to give the compensation if she had nothing from which she could pay it.

The law stated that the marriage should be performed by a discreet priest who celebrated Mass in the district where the bride resided. The priest was to deliver a long discourse to the bride and bridegroom on the awful responsibilities they undertook. Then six young virgins presented flowers or other offerings to the bride. The bride was first kissed by two little children of about five years old, and next by the bridesmaids. A prayer was offered up by the priest to the Virgin Mother for the welfare of the bride. The parties retired from the church to the bridegroom's house, or his father's residence, where the merry-making commenced with spiced wine, and the entertainments were prolonged for several days. On these occasions the serfs received a holiday, and were "plentifully liquored".

The "liquoring and hospitality" system raised a gentleman in popularity with his neighbours.

As the education of youth will always rest principally with women, in the most ductile phase of life, it is of the greatest importance that our fair countrywomen should possess high estimation in society; and nothing could more certainly tend to perpetuate this feeling than the privilege of possessing property in their own right and at their own disposal.

That the Anglo-Saxon ladies both inherited and disposed of property as they pleased appears from many records of the times. It is also affirmed that women devised property with the consent of their husbands. Widows had likewise the power of selling their property. In the oldest Anglo-Saxon law widows were protected by an express regulation. If their "tranquillity or their home were invaded by any man, the said man was to be punished by fines ranging from six to twelve shillings and twenty shillings. If the said money were not paid, then *his hide* [his land, I presume] was to make good the penalty."

No widow was to be compelled to marry any man without *her own free consent*, under a heavy penalty. Twelve months was the legal period prescribed for widowhood.

The slave system was never so revolting in England as it had been in other countries. Many religious people made their bondsmen free. The monastic houses exercised "a very gentle control" over their slaves, who were often "passed to them in money transactions". The grants of land from masters to their enslaved domestics were frequent. The Anglo-Saxon laws recognised the liberation of slaves, and placed them under legal protection. Before the altar of the church, and in the presence of five priests, the poor slave was declared free. The ceremony was one of great interest to good Catholics.

It was decreed at a Synod, held in 816, that at the death

of a bishop, his slaves who had been reduced to slavery in his life-time, should be made free.

Many young ladies made their female slaves free. This was done with the sanction of the State.

The hospitality of the Anglo-Saxon gentlemen, or merchants, was of a genial nature—it was homely, without any ostentatious display of wealth. The stranger was welcomed by the principal members of the family, and one of the best conducted of the slaves—who was decorated with a crucifix—washed his hands and feet, at the same time repeating a prayer in honour of the Virgin Mother. The wife of the host next presented her guest with a silver goblet filled with spiced wine, accompanied with a nice social discourse, and, in conclusion, commended him to the protection of the Good Fairy. Supper was soon announced, and the members of the family indulged in an amiable rivalry to convince their guest that “he felt at home”.

The northern nations had at one period burnt their dead; but the custom of interring the body had become established among the Anglo-Saxons at the era when their history began to be recorded by their clergy, who were, beyond doubt, the clerics of Rome. Their common coffins were wood; the more costly were of stone. With the common sympathy of human nature, friends and kindred came daily to see or inquire after the sick person. The lamentations for the dead were kept up for several days. The *saul suat*, or payment of the clergy on the day of the funeral, became a very general practice. The priests who celebrated Service (Mass) for the dead were liberally compensated. In every possible way the memory of the dead was honoured.

The ceremony of crowning a king was most edifying—most Catholic. The coronation of Ethelred the Second and his coronation oath have been transmitted to posterity in Latin; it is to be seen in the Cotton Library. The beautiful prayers

used in this service are supposed to have been written and arranged by S. Dunstan.

When the enthusiastic zeal of the Roman Pontiff completed the conversion of England, and a hierarchy was established, the kingly power received great support and augmentation from the religious veneration with which the clergy surrounded the throne. But when princes had transgressed the laws of God, and violated their coronation oath, then the Church came fearlessly to denounce the shepherds who wandered from their sacred obligations to God.

The laws of Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, who was converted early in the sixth century, are amongst the most ancient specimens of the Anglo-Saxon legislation which may now be accurately traced along the sands of time. The office of Mercy and Cruelty were strangely blended together.

Here I take leave of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and wander for awhile amongst the Gallic monarchs, whose profligacy and profuse expenditure caused so much wretchedness to a loyal and chivalrous people, who were worthy of having better rulers. But the day of retribution came.





THE GALLIC PRINCES.*

HISTORY in a marked manner points out the misfortunes which have pursued some royal and noble families and their descendants for generations. For example, the successors of Charlemagne, or Carlovingian kings, occupied the throne of France for one hundred and seventy-three years.

The race of Stuart reigned in Scotland and England for three hundred and forty-three years.

The second line of Valois, succeeded by the collateral branches of Bourbon and Bourbon-Orleans, who numbered, jointly, thirteen French sovereigns, extended over three hundred and thirty-three years, counting from the accession of Francis the First to the deposition of Louis Philippe.

Charlemagne was a great man, a mighty conqueror, a most successful monarch. He consolidated and left a vast empire to his posterity, of whom it is difficult to decide whether they were most remarkable for their misfortunes or their unworthiness. Louis the Meek, the only son of Charlemagne, was fitter for the cowl than the sceptre. He never smiled, and it is said his life was embittered by the disobedience of his children; in the course of his domestic quarrels he was twice deposed, and finally died from want of food. His son and suc-

* The French monarchs here referred to are not set down in chronological order.

cessor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by Sedecias, his Jewish physician, and died in a miserable hut, while crossing Mont Cenis. During this monarch's reign a remarkable plague of locusts occurred in France.

LOUIS the STUTTERER, son of Charles the Bald, reigned only eighteen months, when he, too, was carried off by poison.

CHARLES, King of Aquitaine, brother to the Stutterer, was killed by a blow on the head from a nobleman, whom, for an idle frolic, he sought to terrify in a childish disguise.

LOUIS the THIRD, and Carloman, sons of the Stutterer, were crowned together on the death of their father. Both died before either had reached the early age of twenty-two. The death of Louis is attributed to two causes—poison and an accident. Some historians say, that riding through the streets of Tours, he pursued a handsome girl, the daughter of a citizen named Germond. She escaped from him in terror, by a low and narrow gateway; the king, endeavouring to force his horse through, broke his back, and died in a few minutes.

CARLOMAN was killed by the spear of one of his attendants, aimed at a wild boar. It pierced his thigh, and in a few days deprived him of his crown and life. In his dying moments he had the generosity to screen from the mistaken resentment of his court the unfortunate domestic, by imputing his wound to the rage of the animal he pursued.

CHARLES the FAT, the next king of the race of Charlemagne, but not the direct heir to the throne, was set aside for utter incapacity within four years, and reduced to such a state of indigence that he was left without a single servant, or the common necessities of life. The Bishop of Mayence relieved his immediate wants; and Arnulf, his successful competitor, accorded him a scanty pension; but he perished shortly from the combined effects of indigence, grief, and violence.

CHARLES the SIMPLE, posthumous son of Louis the Stammerer, succeeded on the death of Eudes, who was not a scion

of the family. After reigning nearly thirty years, Charles was imprisoned at Peronne, where he was put to death by Herbert, Count de Vermandois.

LOUIS the FOURTH, called the Stranger, from having been educated in England, succeeded his father the Simple. He was killed, when mounting, by a fall from his horse. His son, Lothaire, and grandson, Louis the Fifth, or the Slothful, were both poisoned by their wives, for presuming to pay "too much attention to their indiscretions".

The Sluggard was the last of the Carlovingian monarchs. His uncle, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, survived him, the only remaining representative of the blood of Charlemagne. His character was so worthless and contemptible, that the nobles excluded him from the crown, to which Hugh Capet was unanimously elected.*

It has been pointed out by French historians that the epithets given to the Princes of the Carlovingian race were almost all expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom they reigned. It would seem as if they assisted lineal misfortune by lineal imbecility, and by outraging the honour and propriety which should have marked the conduct of those whom the people looked up to as their prophets and guides on the road to Civilisation.

LOUIS the ELEVENTH has been represented in many forms that are almost abhorrent, yet some of his contemporaries hold an opposite opinion. He was humble in his speech and apparel, and fond of people in "a middling state of life". He spoke very freely to most persons, except those whom he feared, for he was of a timorous disposition. To those who reproached him with not keeping up to his dignity, he would

* The surname of Capet may be derived from the Latin word *Caput*, as the founder of a dynasty. This monarch had a very large head, and a headgear was made for him called "the Capet". There are several versions of this matter extant.

answer—"When pride precedes, shame and distress must follow". It was likewise a saying of his, that his whole Council was in his head, for he consulted nobody, which occasioned a jest of the Admiral De Brezé, upon seeing him mounted on a very slender little nag. "Surely," observed the Admiral, "the horse must be far stronger than it appears, because it carries the King and his whole Council." Louis was jealous of his authority to such a degree, that, after recovering from a fit of illness, in which he had been bereft of his senses, hearing that some of his officers had hindered him from going near the window, probably from fear he should do himself mischief, he dismissed them from their employments.

Louis was avaricious in acquisition, but profuse in expenditure upon spies and political adventurers. To raise some pretext for imprisoning or slaying a troublesome subject was "nicely considered, according to *his conscience*". *His conscience*! A critical matter for theologians to deliver judgment upon. But, like the "mighty Elizabeth," of England, Louis the Eleventh must be judged by *his* actions. He was incapable of any affection or friendship. His cunning was remarkable, and the standard by which he regulated *his* honour was like that of the cautious gambler. He possessed great natural abilities, and, strange to say, he raised the royal authority to a high position, whilst, at the same time, his mode of life, his general character, and external deportment tended to dishonour royalty. He increased the taxes considerably, and in the space of twenty years he raised four million seven hundred thousand livres annually, which makes some twenty-three millions of our present specie. His government officials were thoroughly corrupt. Minet affirms that high judicial offices were regularly sold in the reign of Louis the Eleventh, and this statement has been corroborated by other eminent authorities. A similar accusation may, however, have been preferred against the princes and statesmen of almost every country in Europe in

those times—and far later. In Louis, hypocrisy in religion was complete, yet many crimes have been attributed to him of which he was perfectly innocent. Upon the whole, Louis the Eleventh was a bad man, nevertheless, he was the first who assumed the title of “Most Christian Majesty”. Active, bold, and cunning, he was the reverse of his well-disposed but imbecile father, Charles VII., to whose minister and mistress (Agnes Sorel) he soon manifested decided enmity. In 1440 he left the Court and put himself at the head of an insurrection. His father defeated the rebels, and executed some, but pardoned his son, whom he even trusted with a command against the English and Swiss. Louis conducted himself with valour and prudence, and his father became entirely reconciled to him, but having entered into new conspiracies, he was obliged to take refuge in Burgundy, where he lived for five years in dependence on the duke. On the death of his father, who died in consequence of abstaining too long from food from fear of being poisoned by some one of his son’s agents, Louis ascended the throne and suppressed some insurrections against him with sanguinary severity. In everything he did his crooked policy and sinister views were evident. Whilst he pretended to reconcile contending parties, he secretly instigated them against each other; and whenever he had an interview with a foreign prince, he corrupted his courtiers with bribes, and established secret correspondence between them. He became involved in a war with Charles, Duke of Burgundy; and, having requested a passport from the duke, he went to visit him at Peronne, though he had secretly instigated the people of Liege to rise against the duke, and promised them assistance. Charles having discovered this act of treachery, was furious with rage, and hesitated three days (during which he kept the king in prison) as to what course he should adopt. Nothing but the aversion of Charles to take the life of a king, and the greatest presence of mind on the

part of the latter, who asserted his innocence under the most solemn oaths, saved him. He was obliged to accompany Charles to Liege, and to witness the slaughter and pillage, of which he had been the cause. A peace most favourable to Charles and his allies was signed ; but, on his return to Paris, Louis in every way essayed to evade his engagements. Suspecting Cardinal John Balue of having betrayed to Charles of Burgundy his own intrigues with the Liegeois, and assured by spies that the Cardinal continued in secret correspondence with the Burgundian potentate, Louis put him into *an iron cage, where the Cardinal remained immured for eleven years.* The great object of Louis was the establishment of the royal power, and the overthrow of the feudal aristocracy ; but it is impossible to convey a just idea of his character, so contradictory were his qualities. He was at the same time confiding and suspicious, avaricious and lavish, audacious and timid, mild and cruel, superstitious, yet sceptical—sometimes free-spoken, at others darkly taciturn—profusely and ostentatiously observant of the dogmata and rites of the Catholic Church, whilst consulting “wise men,” philosophers, and astrologers, whose speculations and mystic follies have always been denounced by the Church.

CHARLES the SEVENTH of France, was but in some measure a spectator of the wonders which occurred in his reign. In spite of the indolence of this monarch, and his love for sport and gaming, several able generals and statesmen came forward to support his cause, without any solicitation on his part. He was not deficient in courage or ability. His life was spent in gallantry, sports, and feasting with his courtiers. One day a member of the king’s Council came to him concerning some important state affair, and the minister was delayed for some time while his royal master was busy in arranging for a banquet to his favourites. “What do you think of the arrangements for this feast?” said the thoughtless monarch to his grave

councillor. "I think," said La Hire, "it is impossible to lose a kingdom with more gaiety."

The next CHARLES on the roll of French kings was but a little man, both in body and understanding, but so good-natured and condescending that it was impossible to meet with a kinder or more gentle being. Upon his death the mourning for him was general not alone in France, but in the chief cities of Europe. He experienced the dangers and difficulties whose antagonism forms the characteristics of great men. He was obliged to surmount many obstacles, to expose himself to danger, and especially to encounter adversaries worthy of himself. In fact, he was the conqueror and the father of his subjects.

CHARLES, the "Bad" King of Navarre, and son-in-law to King John, died in January, 1387. There are several accounts recorded as to the death of this French prince. It is alleged that, having wrapped himself up in sheets steeped in brandy and sulphur, in order to revive his natural heat, which had been greatly weakened by the immoral life he had led, or, as some contemporaries state, to relieve the pains of leprosy, the fire caught hold of the sheets and burnt him to such a degree that he died in a few days in a "state of horrors". He was a cruel, hypocritical man, and became intensely hated by the people. He poisoned, or rather attempted to poison, Charles the Fifth, and also Charles the Sixth.

Among many good qualities, CHARLES the FIFTH of France deserves to be celebrated for one special virtue, which affords an excellent lesson to kings and statesmen. Few princes took so much pleasure in asking counsel, and yet, never prince suffered himself less to be governed by his ministers. Edward the Third of England, remarked of Charles, that no king whatever, with so little of the soldier, gave him so much trouble. De Fillet commends Charles by saying, that he "never put on any armour or habiliment of war". The fact was, that he

did not appear at the head of his army, but conferred the command on the Constable du Guescliu; yet, this prudence repaired the losses which France had sustained in the reign of her own King John. Without stirring out of his cabinet, Charles recovered from the English almost everything that his father and grandfather had been stripped of by the English Sovereign and his "brave army of foreign mercenaries". In short, the glory of France at this period (1380), was that of having a wise and thoughtful monarch and an able general.

I cannot pass over one of the interesting sayings of King Charles. Some persons having complained of the "large respect" he showed to men of letters, who were then called "clerks"; the king replied—"Clerks cannot be too much cherished; for so long as we honour learning, whilst associated with *our holy religion, France will continue to prosper; but when we begin to despise religion and learning the French Monarchy will decline*".

The above opinion has been forcibly expressed by many eminent writers; and is now sadly realised.

CHARLES the FIFTH may be considered the founder of the "King's Library" in Paris. Charles was fond of reading, and devoted three hours daily to what he styled that "delightful occupation". He was always grateful "for a present of a few books". Amongst those "precious presents" were six MS. books from the Irish monks. The Irish monks were always welcome guests at the king's palace, as they had been at that of Charlemagne, where hospitality was profuse, and the Story Tellers placed in the front rank of foreign visitors.

The library of King Charles consisted of about nine hundred and sixty MSS. books—a very large number for a time when printing was unknown. King John, the father of Charles, left no more than twenty-six MSS. books in his library. Those few books were honoured on certain public holidays with floral

decorations, music, and processions of the learned men and women of the time.

The Scriptures were specially revered in the King's Library. The king ordered the books to be placed in one of the most decorated towers of the Louvre, which was styled the "Tower Library". Two learned monks had charge of the books. From such a small beginning arose the magnificent library subsequently formed in Paris. It was considerably augmented by the care of Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First. Louis the Fourteenth, and his successor, made the Royal Library of France the most copious and valuable collection of books in the world.

In 1609, a police regulation in Paris decreed that the comedians of the theatres of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and of the Marais, shall open their doors half-an-hour after twelve of the clock, and begin their representations at two o'clock, whether there were people to fill the house or not. The play was commanded to be over in two hours. At this time (1609), Paris had a few oil lamps, which were not by any means efficient.

The streets were in heaps of mud and excessively dirty. In fact, from pre-Christian times Paris was noted for its muddy *viæ*, or modes of communication; and the Romans named it "Lutetia," from the Latin word *luteum* (mud). The reign of the Emperor Napoleon III. finished it as a "City of Palaces"—the exquisite production of that Imperial *Ædile*, the unapproachable Haussmann.

There were few coaches or public conveyances in the beginning of the 17th century. The robbers along the streets and roads were numerous and daring, especially in winter. No quarter was, however, given to highway robbers when arrested.

In 1610, Henry the Fourth was assassinated in his coach, in a most cowardly manner. A French commentator states that France never had a better nor a greater king than Henry the Fourth. He was his own general, and minister; in him were

united great frankness, and profound policy ; sublimity of sentiments, and a most engaging simplicity of manners ; the bravery of a soldier, and an inexhaustible fund of humanity.

The navy was almost forgotten in France after the death of Charlemagne ; from that monarch's reign the great lords had what they called their patrimonial admirals. The French marine began to revive under S. Louis, the first of the French kings who had a principal officer invested with the title of admiral. The war with England rendered the navy more considerable under Charles the Fifth, which was owing to the great care of his admiral, John de Vienne. This commander states that the English were nowhere so weak as at home. Under Cardinal Richelieu both the navy and commerce of France were raised to a high position, and again advanced by M. Colbert and his son M. de Seignelay, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU was a munificent patron of printing in France. The king's printing establishment cost three hundred and sixty thousand livres annually. Trichet Du Frene was the corrector of the press. On one occasion, Louis the Thirteenth visited this vast establishment, and conferred several privileges on the working printers. This was following the example of Isabel of Spain, who made the printers free of taxes. And it may be added that the Czar, Peter the Great, conferred minor honours of nobility on the printers whom he invited to his new capital of St. Petersburg, to diffuse knowledge through the press.

The Palais Royal was built by Cardinal Richelieu, who made a present of it to the king. Even in his sepulchral monument the cardinal showed a taste far beyond that displayed by other eminent men. Having steadily pursued the scheme of enlarging his royal master's authority, which was, in reality, his own, Richelieu spent his life in continual apprehension of the plots of his enemies. Indeed, he stood in need of the utmost

prudence, for his plans of government—social and political—were of a vast and complicated nature. The powerful minister who exposed himself to the hatred of the corrupt courtiers and disappointed statesmen, by endeavouring to render the king's government more absolute, had as much to fear from the monarch, as from the people whom he enslaved. Still he gained the respect of his opponents by the grandeur of his entertainments, and gratitude from the poor people whom he aided in seasons of distress. Like Cardinal Wolsey little can be said of the clerical merits of Richelieu. A priest is out of his office when he becomes the political instrument of a party or a despot.

It is related by an eminent French financier of the period, that the king's treasury was saved by Richelieu's death the annual sum of four millions of livres, which was expended upon his palaces. Another French contemporary remarks that this large sum was not too much for the services of so great a minister of the Crown. It is marvellous to what an extent writers have misrepresented the character of Richelieu.

In later times, when Peter the Great came to Paris, amongst the historical monuments he visited was that of Richelieu's tomb at the Sorbonne. The Czar gazed at the mausoleum for a few minutes, and having inquired to whom it had been erected, the name of Richelieu threw him into an enthusiastic rapture, which he always felt on similar occasions, so that he immediately ran forward to embrace the statue, saying—"Oh, that thou wert but still living, I would give thee one half of my empire to govern the other".

Cardinal Richelieu died in the 58th year of his age (4th Dec., 1643). His funeral was attended by a multitude of people—friends and enemies. The "King's Printers" were in the front rank of the procession, followed by poor poets, artists, and authors, to whom the Cardinal was a princely patron. The name of Richelieu was long remembered in many

a dismal home of Paris, to which his almoners brought comfort and hope, receiving in return the fervid prayers, the sighs, and the tears of forgotten genius.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH was somewhat unsocial in his disposition. He did not wish to be seen, except on occasions of public ceremonies, of which he was extremely fond. Henry the Fourth, when greatly distressed for money, paid his officers with good words ; but this was not the temper of Louis the Thirteenth. He was retiring and reserved—qualities he himself acknowledges, which he inherited from the queen, his mother. His inclination for retirement was the cause of his being attached to his favourites, in whom he reposed an entire confidence, till they were dismissed ; but his confidence in them did not proceed so much from judgment and choice, as from a necessity of having somebody to converse with in his solitude ; so that it was easy to supplant them, and to substitute others. In short, Louis the Thirteenth could not live without a favourite. He was as brave as Henry the Fourth, and sometimes imitated the chivalrous conduct of that monarch to his officials, when in disgrace. Louis was the son and the father of two eminent French monarchs, he fixed the tottering throne of Henry the Fourth, and prepared the way for the magnificence and the calamities which had their origin under Louis the Fourteenth.

Louis the Thirteenth does not rank amongst what has been styled “book-worm princes”. Lomberville affirms that Louis “did not love reading books, learned or otherwise”. The reason assigned for his dislike to books was, it is alleged, that the first work he opened was the history of France by Fauchet. Louis read the Scriptures for two hours every Sunday ; yet he has been represented by some writers “as being ignorant of all religious books, and a worshipper of saints”. This false and foolish calumny was also set down to the “believers in the Church of Rome”. People are now somewhat more enlightened.

In 1638, Louis the Thirteenth placed himself and his kingdom under the protection of the "Virgin Mother". A grand and imposing ceremony took place on the occasion. The king was a zealous Catholic, no matter what may be urged to the contrary.

LOUIS the TWELFTH does not come in regular order. He was the son of Charles, Duke of Orleans, and born in 1462. On ascending the throne, in 1498, he pardoned the wrongs he had suffered before his accession. "The King of France," said he, "must not avenge the injuries done to the Duke of Orleans." Louis the Twelfth was a brave and a humane prince. He was, however, no match in political intrigue for Henry VIII., or the vigour and genius of Wolsey, then in the prime of life.* Louis was an able general, and signalised himself at the Battle of Aignadel (May 14, 1509).

Bayard states that he was "much attached to his young wife, in whose arms he expired". It is certain that the young wife (Mary Tudor) had little regard for him.

The memory of Louis was long revered by the French nation. "We never had such good times," writes De Gelais, "under any other prince as during the reign of our most loved king, Louis the Twelfth." Louis considerably diminished the oppressive taxation, and seldom created new ones. He loved his subjects, and his most passionate desire was to make them happy, for which he wished to be called their "father". In the beginning of his reign he was ridiculed for his saving propensity, upon which he remarked:—"I had much rather my thoughtless subjects should laugh at my parsimony, than weep at their own oppression".

Louis the Twelfth of France died suddenly on the New Year's Day of 1515, leaving his queen a widow after a marriage of eighty-two days. The girl-queen, according to

* Brewer's *State Papers*, Vol. II.

custom, retired from all society for thirty days. Louis lavished jewels and diamonds of enormous value upon his young wife; but she never forgave his interference with the retention of her ladies.*

The contrast between Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First was remarkable. Francis was the patron and friend of literature at the time of the revival of letters; he collected what escaped the destroying hand of the barbarian Turks, and shared with Leo the Tenth the glory and the honour of making the arts and sciences flourish in Europe. He drew into France learned men from every quarter of Europe—scholars, historians, painters, musicians, architects, eminent physicians, theologians, and men expert in sciences. Erasmus, Budens, and De Petti concur in stating that Francis always desired to encourage and bring to Paris the learned and the scientific men of other lands. Anne of Brittany had begun to draw ladies to court; but Louis cared little for the society of ladies—educated or otherwise. It was not till the accession of Francis that women made a brilliant appearance at court. Francis also invited to his palaces the most distinguished cardinals and prelates; after a time the French court became the most polished in Europe. Rome, Florence, and Paris, were the three great centres of learning and the polite arts during the reign of Francis the First.

Those brilliant associations were destined to meet with dark clouds and reverses of fortune. Adversity came, and wrung from Francis, when the prisoner of Charles the Fifth, these memorable words:—"I have lost everything except my honour".

There is, however, another and a more serious view to be taken of the "responsibilities" of Francis as a King, and of the

* Madame Pasqualija's story of *La Reine Blanche and her English Maids of Honour*. See also Vol. I. of the *Historical Portraits*, for a scene between King Louis and the Maids of Honour.

English army as the invaders of his country. The condition of many parts of France at this time (1515-16) was one of extreme wretchedness. To destroy property and to leave thousands of women and their little children homeless, seemed to have been the tactics pursued by the generals of Henry VIII. Barns, corn fields, churches, hospitals, numerous villages and castles, were indiscriminately given to the flames by the Earl of Surrey and his hired mercenaries.* Wars carried on in this spirit could have no other effect than that of equally debasing the invader and the invaded. The extravagance of King Francis, the methods employed by him for maintaining a numerous army; his private profligacy; his oppressive exactions; his insensibility to the calamities thus inflicted had alienated from him, in a great degree, the patient and enduring loyalty of a brave and virtuous people. Churches, plate, and jewels, long consecrated to the service of religion, were all seized upon by this unscrupulous monarch. The famous golden images of the Apostles, which were upon the high altar at the "Cloth of Gold," were melted down; thousands of gold and silver chalices were sent to the royal furnace. The various articles marked out for taxation also showed that the king and his council had little sympathy for the social requirements of the people. It would appear that the unfortunate inhabitants had to contend with even a worse enemy than the policy of Francis had created. Yet the spoiliations of the French monarch, and his profligate nobility, faded into nothing when compared with the sullen barbarity of the English troops, who spared neither churches nor houses, rich nor poor. So the unoffending people suffered unto the bitter end.† The "English Army" who won notoriety on

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. I.

† In Brewer's *State Papers*, Vol. III., appears a despatch from the Earl of Surrey to his royal master (Henry VIII.), describing in a business-like fashion the destruction he caused to the French people in his triumphant march through their unresisting country.

this occasion were composed of German and Italian mercenaries.

Francis the First was twenty-two years of age at the period of his accession. He is described as "corpulent in stomach and slender in legs". Pasqualija, who saw him in Paris, gives an account of a conversation he had with Henry VIII. on the personal appearance and manners of his cousin of France. "His Majesty came to me and said :—'Is the King of France as tall as I am?' I told him there was little difference. 'Is he as stout?' I told him he was not. 'What sort of legs has he?' I replied : 'Spare'. 'Then,' said the king, 'I have the longest and strongest legs in all England, I will give one hundred marks to any Frenchman who will produce as good legs.'" It is not related that any favourite entered the lists to win the wager.

Francis outlived Henry VIII. but a short time, and like the English monarch, he ascended the throne surrounded by national prosperity and a contented and loyal people. The calamities which followed might fill "a black book" for both countries, especially England.





“FRENCH SALT.”

THE origin of the Gabelle, or salt tax, is generally referred to the time of 1345-6. It was said that Edward the Third took occasion to call Philip of Valois, by way of jest, the author of the Salic Law from the Latin *sal* (salt). Yet it appears that Philip the Long was the first that laid a duty on salt, and Philip of Valois raised this duty; but hitherto it had been a marketable commodity, as we find by a regulation of the 13th of January, 1350, in regard to the conduct of the dealers in salt; and it was not till after the Battle of Poitiers that the French king engrossed the whole trade to himself, by erecting public magazines for all the salt of the country. The Gabelle was afterwards farmed out by Henry the Second of France, as appears from a decree of the Royal Council, dated the 4th of January, 1548, for the first lease of ten years.

A French writer upon the period under consideration observes:—

“The northern countries had not a sufficient heat for the making of salt, and those situated beyond the forty-second degree, as Spain, produce a salt of too corrosive a nature, which eats and destroys the meat instead of preserving it. France alone is the proper climate for making salt: hence, it may be said that this is one of its principal sources of wealth.”

The opinions above chronicled were written 160 years ago.

Cardinal Richelieu, in his political testament, observes, that, by the accounts he had received from the most intelligent officers connected with the revenue department of his time, the duty on salt throughout France was equal to the revenue of the Spanish West Indies.

To the present time salt, which is such an absolute necessary of life, is taxed heavily in France. Within the last eighty-five years salt was smuggled from the Isle of Man into England and Ireland—the heavy tax upon it in Great Britain raising the price of the commodity so high as *tenpence* per pound. This fact has been had orally, by my father, from an old “salt,” who acknowledged with glee that he had been engaged in this lucrative contrabandism, much of which was also carried on by the small war vessels called advice-boats, brigs, and schooners, carrying “letters of marque”—secret orders—and with *carte blanche* to destroy the commerce of France, when possible.





FERDINAND AND ISABEL.

FERDINAND and Isabel appeared in public life at an early age. They were married at Valladolid, in October, 1469. Ferdinand was only eighteen years of age, and the Princess one year his senior. Having succeeded to the crown of Castile in 1474, they came into possession of Arragon five years later. In taste and social qualities Ferdinand and his young wife were quite opposed, and their personal bickerings were a constant topic for court scandal; but on political matters they seemed to have thoroughly agreed. It is another fact that the handwriting of both king and queen was almost identical, so much so that the courtiers were unable to decide as to the writer.

The private life of Isabel was a model for royal ladies. Her heart overflowed with affectionate sensibility to her family. She watched over the last days of her mother, and ministered to her infirmities with all the delicacy of filial tenderness. She fondly loved her faithless husband to the last. Isabel abounded in charity, which was always exercised with thoughtful delicacy. She erected and endowed many extensive hospitals; she made provision for the aged and the destitute; and the humblest creatures in Castile could approach her and relate their misfortunes. But the political features of Isabel's character were stern and uncompromising. A wealthy criminal on one occasion offered forty thousand doubles in

gold for a pardon ; but the queen spurned the offer although strongly supported by her Council.*

Prescott, the Protestant biographer of Isabel, states that the "many deeds of cruelty attributed to her were the actions of her ministers and fanatics". But Isabel was no fanatic. In fact, nothing can be more repugnant to humanity and truth than an attempt to vindicate her conduct in relation to the Inquisition, whilst her commands—*her own very letters*—are to be found in the archives of Barcelona and Simancas, counselling torture in every form. The Jews were the special objects of her religious hostility. This was no Protestant question, for no such party as a Protestant one *then existed*. Who can defend the barbarities carried out in the name of the God of Charity against the helpless Jews of that epoch?

In the archives of the Duc de Frias, in Madrid, are deposited "five long letters, written entirely" in the handwriting of King Ferdinand himself. In one of these missives to his wife, the monarch seems to regret that the queen does not still keep up her correspondence in the old style of their "first love". Here is a passage from the royal correspondence which throws some light upon the inner life of Ferdinand and *his* Isabel.

"Now at least it is clear which of us *two loves the best*. Judging by what you have ordered should be written to me, I see you can be happy while I lose my sleep, because messenger comes after messenger and brings me no letters from *you*. The reason why you do not write is not because *there is no paper to be had, or that you do not know how to write, but because you do not love me, and because you are too proud*. You are living at Toledo ; I am residing in a small village. Well, Isabel, one day you will return to your old affection. If you do not, *your* Ferdinand will die and the guilt will be yours."

Many of the letters of Isabel are to be found in the Simancas collection, which show that she was a far-seeing woman.

The Court of Ferdinand and Isabel was noted for the

* Prescott's *Life of Ferdinand and Isabel*, Volume III.

splendour of the costumes of king, queen, and courtiers. There are some romantic incidents in the life of Isabel, scarcely noticed by the old chronicles. When about fourteen years of age, a matrimonial alliance was in treaty for Isabel with Edward the Fourth of England; although the Princess had never seen him, she was quite in love with the handsome monarch. Having received his picture and a love-token, she retired three times a day to mentally commune with the gallant Prince. As might have been expected with such a suitor as King Edward, Isabel was "crossed in love," and expressed her indignation on many occasions, that a maiden of fourteen, and the Queen of Castile, should be set aside by the accomplished King of England for a widow and a subject. Her enmity to the beautiful and loveable Elizabeth Woodville was long and bitter. How strange that, in time, the daughter of Isabel should become an English Queen, and one, too, with whose biography the greatest events in the annals of England have become, as it were, interwoven with its history and its surroundings!

Elizabeth Woodville, to whom I have just referred, left in her "last testament" a most pathetic and loving farewell to her four daughters. The diary of her early youth is still extant, and shows that she was amiable, romantic, and loveable in her nature. She was "a Queen of many sorrows". In the course of her eventful life she had been maid of honour to the heroic Queen Margaret, consort to the unfortunate Henry VI. I may add, that three maids of honour were raised to a "throne matrimonial" in England — Elizabeth Woodville, Anna Boleyn, and Jane Seymour; the two latter differing immensely from the former in every noble and womanly quality that could command respect, sympathy, and love. This royal lady had been confined for several years in the Abbey of Bermondsay, by her son-in-law, Henry VII., and at that humble retreat she died.

The portrait of Elizabeth Woodville is to be seen in the college she founded at Cambridge. The picture represents her as very beautiful.

Isabel's letters to her envoy in London show the duplicity she practised in mixing up her religious and political requests to the Roman Pontiff; she writes in a most obedient tone to the Head of the Catholic Church, and seeks his blessing. Almost on the same day she despatched a confidential note to her unscrupulous diplomatic agent in London, to closely watch the correspondence passing between the Pontiff and her "dear brother, the King of England".

The maxim laid down by Ferdinand for his ambassadors was to deceive the English monarch. "Tell my good brother of England anything but what I intend to do. Be sure to say how much I love and regard him." *

Isabel was the patroness of printing in Spain: she encouraged it by special privileges, and even paid the expenses of printing works of merit from her private purse—"that knowledge might be further extended". A worthy sentiment.

In 1480 a law was enacted in Spain, permitting foreign books to be imported into that country free of any duty—"a very wise and enlightened idea," writes the American biographer of Isabel, "and which might furnish a useful example to the legislative assemblies of the nineteenth century".

Ferdinand died in January, 1516, having outlived Henry VII. of England some seven years. † In Spain, Henry was detested, whilst in England, Ferdinand was little esteemed. Both princes rendered substantial service to their subjects, but neither was popular, and consequently soon forgotten.

In stature, Queen Isabel was above the middle size; her

* Secret Despatches of the Spanish Envoy; Bergenroth's *Spanish State Papers*.

† Henry VII. was scarcely fifty-two at the period of his death, and according to the State Records "completely worn out in mind and body".

complexion fair ; her hair of a bright chestnut colour, inclined to red ; and her mild blue eyes beamed with intelligence and sensibility. "She was," writes a lady contemporary, "exceedingly beautiful." "The handsomest lady," writes a Spanish grandee, "whom I had ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners." Isabel has been immensely overpraised by her own countrymen, and recklessly slandered by English writers, who cared not what falsehood they put forward against the character and the honour of Catholic royalty. The Protestant writers of the United States act on a very different principle.

From the days of Alphonso the Tenth, history was held in high esteem by the learned men of Spain, and was more widely cultivated in Castile than in any other European State. In general intellectual progress no period has surpassed the age of Isabel and Ferdinand. The Spanish ladies of those times were marvellously educated, some of them speaking and writing five different languages. There were many learned women, contemporaries of Isabel, amongst the foremost of whom were the Marchioness Monteagudo, and Doña Pecheco, sisters of the learned historian, Don Diego Hurtado. Doña Lucia de Medrana publicly lectured on the Latin Classics in the University of Salamanca, and the daughter of another historian filled the chair of rhetoric with distinction at Alcalu.





THE WHITE AND RED ROSES.

ELIZABETH of York was universally loved by the women of London of all ranks.

Bernard Andreas, the Poet Laureate, who saw the young queen almost daily, writes thus in his diary :—"She exhibited from her cradle towards God an admirable fear and service ; towards her parents a wonderful obedience ; towards her brothers and sisters an almost incredible love ; towards the poor and the ministers of Christ a reverence and affection ".

The marriage of Elizabeth of York with Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, took place in Westminster Abbey, 18th January, 1486. The royal bride has been described by a contemporary as "beautiful, retiring, and shy ; and very fond of her husband". Every day the queen was met with the blessings and good wishes of the people. The virtues of "denial and obedience" flourished in her private household. She was bountiful and considerate in her charities ; she portioned good and virtuous maidens who were "reduced in circumstances" ; she paid the stipend required for novices to enter a convent ; she provided young women with warm clothing in winter ; she liberated from prison poor debtors ; "rogues and thieves who were known to have repented" received a decent burial at the queen's expense. She retained the old servants of the House of York ; orphan boys and girls were objects of the queen's sympathy. Her tastes were

refined; her hospitality, in an age of profuse and indiscriminate treating, was characterised by a generous discernment, yet worthy of a Plantagenet Princess. The queen's poets and reciters visited her at fixed times; Plantagenet-like, she delighted in dancing and music.

There are still extant some elegant Latin letters of the Countess of Richmond to her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, in which the countess expresses her gratitude to God for "providing the king with so good a wife and so grand a queen".

In her own private circle Queen Elizabeth practised a careful economy in order to have money to expend in doing works of benevolence and charity.

Her gowns were "mended, turned, and new bodiced; they were freshly trimmed at the expense of 4d. to the tailor." * Elizabeth also wore shoes, which only cost twelve pence, with *latten* buckles." But the sums of money she paid to her poor loving subjects who brought her trifling offerings of "early peas, cherries, chickens, bunches of roses, and posies," were very high in proportion to what she paid for her shoes. †

At one time the queen pledged her jewels for 500 merks to carry on works of charity. The humblest person in the land could have access to her. When the plague and other violent distempers brought desolation to every poor man's door, the queen became, in action, a Sister of Charity, and the numerous orphans found in her a protectress. In her domestic circle she appeared in all the delicate affection of her noble nature. Erasmus, amongst other notables, has left on record an interesting account of his visit to the royal nursery of Queen Elizabeth at Croydon, accompanied by Sir Thomas More, then a young man. More played with, and caressed the children.

* Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York.

† Sir Harris Nicolas' *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, Queen of Henry VII.

The most remarkable of the royal group was little Prince Henry, then about eight years old. The queen was pleased to see her children gathering in so loving a manner round Maister More; but "everywhere he visits, the children are delighted to see him, for he has something pleasing to tell them".*

In a few years later, the beginning of a most eventful chapter in England's history was drawing near.

In 1502-3, the good queen died in childbirth, to the universal regret of the nation. Never had a royal lady been so loved by the people of England. Elizabeth gave birth to a daughter—a child who could bring no strength to the unpopular and unstable House of Tudor. It was in this way that the sensitive heart of the ailing queen was broken. Nine days she lingered after the birth—even unto her own birthday. Elizabeth of York was the last English Queen who made choice of the Tower of London as a dwelling-place during her accouchement.

The day of the queen's funeral was "long remembered in Old London Town". The gates of the venerable Abbey were thrown open, and amidst the solemn pealing of Church bells, and the heart-throbbings of the multitude that attended, the remains of the royal mother and her infant were laid together in an unfinished shrine, beneath her chosen motto—"Humble and Penitential".†

Henry VII. suspected every person of rank as plotting against him, and many undoubtedly desired his overthrow. The hanging of Perkin Warbeck was a needless act of cruelty on the part of King Henry. The conduct of the Spanish ambassador to Warbeck could hardly be equalled for treachery and dishonour. De Puebla, for such was this disreputable

* Mary Vaughan's *Nursery Diary*.

† *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. I.

envoy's name, assured Perkin Warbeck of his friendship, and invited him to private meetings; and immediately after informed the King's Council of the result of those secret interviews. De Puebla, writing to Queen Isabel, says: "Perkin Warbeck, or the Duke of York, as the people style him, is now in a strong prison, called the Tower, where the sun nor the moon can never reach him—a cell underground, where the king's enemies have to suffer". And again: the execution of the young Earl of Warwick—a "half-witted boy," whose only crime was the accident of his birth—was nothing short of gratuitous murder. Popular feeling, as far as it dared to manifest itself, was strongly against the king in the case of Lord Warwick, for they had an affectionate regard for the chivalrous line of the Plantagenets. The king felt alarmed at this state of things, but suddenly a terrible enemy appeared at the gates of the city. The plague (1499) burst forth, spreading desolation in every home. It is stated that the monarch made a private pilgrimage to the shrine of S. Thomas, wearing sackcloth and ashes.

The Earl of Warwick was beheaded on the Tower Hill, amidst the lamentations of a vast multitude of people. A ballad was written for the occasion, by one of the nuns of Godstow, entitled—"Warwick's Farewell".

Henry VII. had no disinterested friends, whilst every one paid the homage of loyalty and love to his queen. The sudden death of his consort caused a change in the king's policy. For a time he negotiated a second marriage, but his schemes fell through. Although not an old man, he became prematurely so, and desired to perform some good works "for his soul's health and the honour and glory of God". He was sometimes poetic on art, and his wealth was lavished with an eye for beauty, rather than for pomp and show. He loved to build a house, to plant a field, to dress a garden neatly, or to decorate a church with everything lovely. Returning from

the Council Chamber, he was fond of having a chat with monk or priest, as he sauntered along. His favourite monks were mostly artists of a high order. Abbot Islip copied missals for the queen, with bordering entwined through "painted ferns and happy marriages of leaves and flowers". Sir Reginald Bray was drawing plans for the king's new chapel in the Abbey; and priests who were poets enjoyed the king's pension, and his friendship. André held the office of Royal Laureate and historiographer; the learned Carmeliano, who had now become a denizen, was the king's Latin Secretary. At home and abroad Henry became liberal in performing good offices for the poor and the unfortunate. He set apart a portion of his income to be styled "the ransom money of the Cross," which was spent annually in ransoming Christian captives from various Moslem ports, particularly young maidens, who were bought and sold for the slave market.

No cause less pressing than danger to his own crown and life could induce Henry to face the miseries of actual war. Sancho de Londono summed up his character in these words: "He is a man of peace". To our Seventh Harry the name of a peace-maker seemed to be a nobler heritage than that of either Pope or Emperor. Yet no one could doubt his valour at a fitting time, or his devotion to the See of Rome. He was the last English king who expressed a desire to become a Crusader. A crusade to the Holy Land was his darling object; he told Abbot Islip that he was "long thinking of such a mission". After a consultation with the bishops, the matter was postponed. He seems to have long cherished a remembrance of Dr. Fisher's celebrated sermon at Old St. Paul's, when, in the Royal presence, he asked, in his broadest Yorkshire accent, "What is charity?" Two years before his death, and while the vigour of his mind and body was unimpaired, the king sent Missioners of Mercy into gaol and compter to release those debtors who were confined for sums

ranging from 2s. to 40s. The only proviso was, that the recipients should be of reputable character, persons who were described as "unlucky people, mostly of little worldly judgment, who stumbled in the fight of life, and were then seized by the Shylocks of the day and cast into a dungeon to be worried by rats, or made skeletons by prison food, as the penalty of poverty". There were, however, in those times a few benevolent people who ransomed debtors, and the king was the first of that class. He set a crowd of captives free. Some time before his death he signed a general pardon for a number of criminals—an unusual action for an English king. He nearly emptied the gaols in every county of the kingdom—a fact which made a marked impression on the lower classes. The traditions of the times state that some of the pardoned highwaymen became honest and loyal subjects.

In his last testament, King Henry gave instructions for an inquiry to be made into the conduct of the "tax-gatherers, who had been plundering the householders and others for years in the king's name, and all who were aggrieved received restitution". A few weeks before his death, the king made an impressive statement to his *then* apparently promising son:—

"My boy," said the king, "*be a Soldier of the Cross; oppose the enemies of God; sustain the Church and her afflicted Chief, and struggle to liberate the tomb of Christ.*" And again, in a very solemn tone—"Be true to Christ's Vicar on earth".

This interview between King Henry VII. and his son was witnessed by Archbishop Warham and Bishop Fisher,* learned prelates in whom the King had immense confidence.

At a subsequent period, the son discussed the merits of the

* Bishop Fisher's Letters to the Countess of Richmond "concerning the King's love for the Church".

important subjects which he had solemnly pledged himself to maintain, but went no further. Indeed, it is doubtful if the dying monarch's last testament was carried out, even in part.

The corporal works of mercy were uppermost in the king's mind, and he made provision for them. He bequeathed ten thousand marks to sustain his great hospital of the Savoy, and two thousand marks in land were also set apart for the same purpose. To tend the sick, to feed the hungry, to succour the homeless mother and her orphans; to clothe the naked; to protect female chastity from the designs of the licentious; to lodge the poor, the weak, and the infirm of years; and to bury the dead, were good works that the king had long contemplated, and in this direction his "last testament was specially charged"; not waiting for the last sad hours of life, when virtue mostly comes too late, the benevolent monarch gave himself time for grace, and two years before his death commenced the good work.* The country was prosperous; the king was at peace with foreign States, and desired to cultivate a good feeling with all his subjects; to "make restitution and seek forgiveness" was his earnest desire for the last two years of his life. This monarch of cold and steadfast feeling, who had closed the reign of civil warfare; who had united the "White and Red Rose;" who had sought to reconcile Ireland to the English connection, but failed;† who had raised the condition of the masses from a servile dependence upon the lords of the soil; who caused religion to be honoured and

* Henry VIII. subsequently seized upon the charitable endowments made by his father.

† According to the Irish State Papers of 1509, the power of the English in Ireland was not much regarded under the first of the Tudors. The old system of governing by "clans" had revived, and was in full force throughout a large portion of the land. It was not conducive to prosperity or civilization: the natives preferred it, although they were sadly oppressed by those thriftless and turbulent chiefs, who were constantly quarrelling amongst themselves.

reverenced, and by his own example endeavoured to lead the people to the paths of virtue, was now approaching his end. He had still great and holy aspirations ; he wished to live a while longer in order to carry out his views. Again, he thought of his grand scheme of a pilgrim army to the Holy Land. He seemed in his later years impressed with a feeling that admonished him to follow the example of Richard Plantagenet and the Knights of the Cross ; but his health was now broken, his spirits sinking ; besides, there was no Peter the Hermit to awake the memory of other days amongst the masses whom commerce, trade, and agriculture had wedded to less romantic pursuits, and cooled the adventurous ardour which had fired their crusading ancestors. Seeing, therefore, the impossibility of achieving his pious aspirations, the king ceased to speak on the subject. His last illness was borne with edifying resignation, and, after sixty hours of the "death agony" Henry Tudor expired ; his last hours being marked by fortitude. The "leave-taking" was most affecting.

When the sad and solemn honours offered by the Church for the dead were discharged, the remains of the "fair-haired and blue-eyed victor" of Bosworth Field were carried in public procession to the magnificent chapel which he had erected, to use his own words, "to the honour and glory of God," and laid beside the coffin of that most lovable of wives, and best of Queens—the royal lady who had shared the honours and the glory of his reign—of her whom, notwithstanding long-current statements to the reverse, he had loved in life, and mourned in death.*

The grandmother of Henry VIII. was a remarkable woman. She was the daughter and heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset—an illustrious extraction. She was married three times, Lord Stanley being her third husband. Margaret,

* Burke's *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. I.

Countess of Richmond, was the most commanding figure in the Court of Henry VII. Tall, stern, and proud to the "great," humble and condescending to the poor or the unfortunate, she moved about the palaces like a controller; every one who had a grievance went to the king's mother with their tale, because they were well aware that the king paid much attention to any petition presented by his mother. The Countess of Richmond was an eminent scholar, and the patroness and friend of scholars. To her Dr. Fisher owed his first promotion in the Church. That holy prelate was her principal chaplain and confessor for many years. She was also the friend of that most worthy citizen, Willie Caxton, our first printer. Pynson, another printer, "arranged in type" several little religious works which the Countess translated from the French. One of the chief labours of her life was to ameliorate the condition of the peasant class; she visited the humblest home, and saw what might be the requirements of its inmates; she admonished bad husbands, and reclaimed many by her kindly sayings. Learning, piety, and charity, were the life-long objects of her solicitude. She endowed professorships at Cambridge and Oxford. At the former the Margaret Professorship was called after the Countess of Richmond. Her name was long cherished on the Isis and the Cam. Is there any remembrance of her benevolence now-a-days at those schools of learning? Not for Catholics, certainly.

The Countess of Richmond was a widow and a mother at fourteen years of age, with a pretty blue-eyed boy of five months old, whom she had to rear and protect amidst the horrors of a civil war. And well the blue-eyed boy remembered the caressing kindness and loving devotion of his young mother. As a daughter, a wife, a mother, a citizen, the Countess stood beyond reproach. She won the esteem and love of all ranks in the State, and lived to see her grandson, Henry, and Katharine of Arragon, crowned in West-

minster Abbey. The worth of this noble lady can best be understood from the funeral oration of Bishop Fisher, who spoke for nearly three hours, proclaiming the good deeds of her long and holy life.

The Church and Abbey bells tolled for several days. Every Church and Chapel was draped in mourning, and the *requiem* for the dead was attended by a vast number of people. In every town and village—in the far-off corners of England and Wales—the people regretted, for a long time, their noble benefactress.





“THE BLUE-EYED BOY OF KENT.”

AMONGST the remarkable men to whom English posterity are indebted, stands forth William Caxton. Early in life, “the blue-eyed boy of Kent,” became the mercer’s ’prentice, and subsequently the Lord Mayor’s confidential secretary. Like Dick Whittington, he tried his “’prentice hand at various occupations”; but the day-dream of his youth, and of maturer years, was the establishment of the printing press in London. Popular feeling was, for a time, hostile to printing, and the scribes were, as a matter of course, opposed to it. Aided by such powerful friends as Thomas Miling, the Abbot of Westminster, the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Rivers, and several learned Churchmen, Caxton made progress. He was introduced to Edward the Fourth, by Lord Rivers, who, it is stated, promoted printing in England some years previously.*

Caxton established the first printing works within the walls of Westminster Abbey, about 1471. His star was now in the ascendant; he became the companion of princes, prelates, abbots, and nobles. He printed several little volumes, amongst the rest—*Æsop’s Fables*, *Tully’s Offices*, and the romantic history of *King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, which delighted the few who could read. *The Game and Play of Chesse* was the first book, according to Leigh, ever printed in England, and became most popular with those who

* Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

admired that ancient and scientific game. The *Treatise on the Game of Chesse* was printed in 1474. When the *History of Reynard the Fox* was read for the old fox-hunting squires of those times, they became transported with delight. Caxton's *Æsop's Fables* is stated to have been the first book that had its pages numbered. In 1490, Caxton produced a translation of the *Æneid*, under the title of *The Boke of Eneydos*, incited thereto by the folio edition of *Homer*, produced at Florence, in 1488, by Demetrius, and which far excelled all previous efforts of typographic skill. Caxton also printed a book *On Good Manners*, which the learned Islip commended to many of the nobles and knights of his time, for "profitable study"—a timely hint to the hilarious squires.

There is to be seen at Windsor Castle, a picture of Lord Rivers introducing Caxton and his "first boke" to King Edward the Fourth. There is also a picture attached to an MS. in the Library of Lambeth Palace representing the same subject on another visit to the king, where the noted Richard, Duke of Gloucester, stands amongst the group. The queen (Elizabeth Woodville) and her children surround the throne, and the king is seated in state to receive "Willie, the Printer". The book in which this picture appears was printed in 1477.

Caxton is described by his contemporaries as the "best of sons ; a good neighbour ; and a loyal subject to the Pope and the King". Caxton was an ingenious artist as well as a learned man, and always the friend of neglected genius. In his diary he speaks of his parents in affectionate terms. "I pray," he says, "most earnestly to our Blessed Savioure for my deare fader and muthur's sowles, for they were so goode to me, and sended me to schole, to learn knowlidge of the world's kind, and, above all, to learn and to knowe about God's truth, from the teachings of our Holy Muthur the Church."

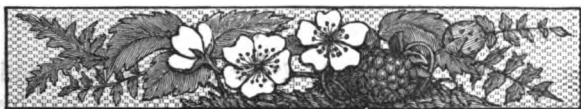
"Willie Caxton" lived to a ripe old age ; had abundant means ; honoured by his sovereign, the nobles, and the clergy :

and I may add that he descended to the grave with the blessings of the poor—the widows, the orphans, and the houseless wanderers on whom Fortune has frowned, more or less, from the beginning of Time.

Civilisation suggests many delicate modes of expressing its gratitude. I hope, however, that England, and those countries which speak its mother-tongue, will enshrine amongst the most precious memorials of the “By-gone,” the memory of Willie Caxton, who introduced to the people of this great country the noblest art ever invented—an art in which, in all its varied phases, England now stands incontestably pre-eminent. For a long period Spain had been far before England in the “march of intelligence”.

I have already remarked that Queen Isabel took advantage of the introduction of printing in Spain. She gave every encouragement to printers to settle in her country. The printers were made free of all taxes. Queen Isabel paid from her own privy purse large sums for the printing of works of merit. In 1480, a law was enacted in Spain, permitting foreign books to be imported into that country free of any duty. Much has been written condemnatory of Queen Isabel, but, nevertheless, in general intellectual progress, no time has surpassed the age of Isabel and Ferdinand.





THE FAVOURITE OF ROYALTY.

DON Pedro de Ayala, one of the Spanish ambassadors in the reign of Henry VII., was a man of agreeable manners, genial, and light-hearted. He dispensed hospitality to his English friends on a scale of profuse splendour, and did much to conciliate parties and remove the prejudices that prevailed against foreigners. When the Infanta's (Katharine of Arragon's) journey to England was arranged, Henry VII. asked as a special favour from King Ferdinand that Don Pedro might remain in England, for there was no one so well calculated as the Don to make the Princess Catalina feel less a stranger in her new home than would this most worthy Spanish gentleman.* Don Pedro had once been ambassador to the King of Scots, who entertained "a notable friendship" for him, and sought his advice upon all public questions of importance. This observant Spanish envoy describes James the Fourth of Scotland as a very devout man. "He never partook of meat on Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday. He would not for any consideration mount horseback on *Sunday*—not even to go to Mass. Before transacting any business he heard two Masses. In the smallest matters, and even when indulging in a joke, he always spoke the truth. He was very proud of his veracity, and often reprehended the custom which had then become usual to many kings, of swearing to their treaties." "The Royal word," he said, "ought to be a sufficient guarantee

* Bergenroth's *State Papers of Spain*.

of good faith." Although kindly and humane in disposition, he was a severe judge. He sat in public to dispense justice, and did so with great solemnity.

In a letter dated July, 1498, from Don Pedro de Ayala to Queen Isabel, the accomplished diplomatist presents his Royal Mistress with a picture of King James, fashioned thus :—

The King of Scotland is of middle height, his features are handsome ; he never cuts his hair or his beard, and it becomes him well. He expresses himself gracefully in Latin, French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish. His pronunciation of Spanish is clearer than that of other foreigners. In addition to his own, and the above-named languages, he speaks that of the savages (Highlanders) who live on the distant mountains and islands. The books which King James reads, are the Bible, and books of devotion and prayer. He also studies the old Latin and French chronicles.*

"The Scotch women," writes Don Pedro, "were often considered in Spain to be handsomer than the English. The women of qualitie are free in their manners ; very beautiful, and most courteous to strangers. They dress better than the English women, and the national head-gear is especially becoming. . . . The Scotch ladies reign absolute mistresses in their houses, and the men in all domestic matters yield a chivalrous obedience to them. French education is very prevalent amongst the upper classes. . . . The hospitality to foreigners is unbounded, and the ladies are remarkable for the attention they pay to their guests."

Don Pedro continues :—"The Scotch people live well, having plenty of beef, mutton, and fowl, besides fish in abundance. The humbler classes—the women—especially, are of a religious turn of mind—they are pretty, modest, retiring ; and excellent wives ; they are good-natured to travellers or poor pilgrims, many of whom visit the ancient shrines of Scotland.

* Bergenroth's *State Papers*.

Altogether, I found the Scotch to be a very agreeable, and, I must add, an amiable people."

Such was Scotland towards the close of the fifteenth century—a period described by party writers as one of barbarism, ignorance, and superstition.

The early history of Don Pedro de Ayala was a tragic story. The day before his intended marriage with the Donna Violante de Casanigo, of Lisbon, the bride elect was killed by a wolf. The ill-fated lady was the author of a pathetic sonnet—"My Only Sister". So Don Pedro never married, and continued to the close of life the friend and benefactor of the unfortunate of the weaker sex.





“ANNA DE BOULEINE.”

THE De Bouleine family were amongst the Normans whom the Plantagenets introduced to better their fortunes by settling upon the fertile plains of Britain. The De Bouleines were a notable and ancient stock, who always adhered to the Monarchy and the Church. The family settled in Norfolk, and were known in the days of Edward the First for their thrifty and sensible mode of life. They made rich matches in England, and even intermarried with the “English of the Pale, beyond the Sea”; and thus the “Fighting Butlers of Kilkenny” became connected with the Norman De Bouleines. The great marriage of this aspiring family was that of Sir Thomas Boleyn with the young and beautiful Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, one of the most influential families in the realm.

Lady Boleyn died on the 14th of December, 1512, leaving three children to the charge of a great-grandfather, several maiden aunts, and two uncles, who were priests.* Lord Cobham relates that he “saw Sir Thomas Boleyn and his little daughter Nan, many times visiting the grave of his beloved wife, at the churchyard of St. Mary’s, Lambeth”.

In the sunny month of May, 1513, a bright-eyed, blooming girl, with a face fraught with frank intelligence, might be seen in the gardens, or seated under the shade of the hazel-trees,

* *Howard Memorials*, by Mr. Howard of Corby.

at Hever Castle, sometimes accompanied by her sister and brother; the elder girl delighted in reading "poetry and romantic tales of the days of antiquity"; she cherished the growth of flowers, and loved to cultivate her garden. A painstaking French governess never lost sight of the little group; they also possessed an humbler, but often more pleasing advantage, in another woman, an old domestic, who watched over them with the tenderness of a parent. This faithful servant often told the children of the beauty of their "young mother then in heaven," of her marriage and her death.

The children whom she thus informed were Anna Boleyn, her sister Mary, and their brother George. "The little orphans," as their aunt called them, were very fond of this Mary Orcharde. She was "little Nan's nurse," and through life had a certain amount of influence over her foster-child.

A handsome intelligent boy, the son of a neighbouring squire, became the playmate of the young Boleyns, and he, too, had a little sister who also joined the party.

Thomas Wyatt and his sister Margaret made their first acquaintance with Anna in those pleasant scenes amidst the plantations and gardens of Hever, and the young poet, and the future queen, as children, felt incipient love—that half-infantine affection which pure and intellectual young spirits sometimes form. The acquaintance was partially broken off when Wyatt was sent to Cambridge University. Anna Boleyn, "the sensible little woman," as Archbishop Warham styled her, was the elder of the whole group to whom I have alluded. Sir Thomas Boleyn had a high opinion of his daughter's talents, and she was devotedly attached to her ambitious father.

To bring his daughter up at either the English or French Court was his desire. At this time Queen Katharine was a fine comely woman, in the prime of life, full of pleasantry, graceful and queenly. She did not fear of having a rival, and the ladies of the Court were "without spot or stain".

"Little Nan" was then busy with her school books, and in the hours of recreation, perchance, wandering along the daisied fields with her brother and sister, and towards evening listening with childlike earnestness to the fairy tales narrated by her old Norfolk nurse, Mary Orcharde.

In this innocent manner the young Boleyns passed some years. Their education and religious instruction seemed an object of the deepest solicitude to their father. When about twelve years old Anna despatched the following note to her admiring father :—

"MY GOOD PAPA,—

I understand that you wish me to appear at Court as befits your daughter, and you tell me that her Highness, the Queen, will take the pains to see and speak to me. Glad am I to learn this news. Oh, dear papa, addressing a person so wise and good as you will make me more than ever wish to write and speak good French ; the more so as you will be so pleased with me.

"Allow me to assure you that I shall do my best to satisfy your hopes. If this note is badly written please excuse me. It is all my own ; the spelling out of my own head, while the other notes were written by dear mamma.* Blanche Simonetti tells me I am left to myself, that no one may know what I write to you. Pray, therefore, do not let your superior knowledge stand in my way. As for myself, be sure I am not so ungrateful as to think you might have left this thing undone. Be sure it will not lessen the great love I have for you ; nor need you fear but that I shall lead the holy life which you desire for me. My love for my dear papa is like a rock, it wont change from the place where it has a true foundation.

"Dearest papa, craving your blessing, your kindness, your affection, I now put an end to this my lucubration.

"Written at Hever Castle, by your very humble, loving, and obedient daughter

"ANNA DE BOULAINÉ."†

* Sir Thomas Boleyn married a second wife ; the date and other circumstances are unknown.

† This letter is transcribed from Sir Henry Ellis's *Royal Letters*, second series ; the original, in the old French, is to be seen in the *Parker MSS. Col.*, Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Within a year from the writing of the above letter, Anna was presented at Court, but only noticed as one of the "junior" ladies whom the King styled "chets". Anna next appears amongst the young ladies who accompanied the King's sister (Mary) to France, when that Princess was about to marry Louis the Twelfth. That king died within three months, and the young Queen married her old lover, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. At this time Anna Boleyn was some fourteen years of age, when she retired to the Convent of Brie, to finish her education. From the Convent, Anna next appeared at the Court of Queen Claude, where she remained nearly six years. Sander has impeached the character of Anna Boleyn whilst connected with the Court of Queen Claude. He also attempts to bring calumnious accusations against her mother.

I regret that the space at my disposal will not permit me to enter at any length into the charges made against the memory of the good and pious Lady Boleyn. I refer the reader to the first volume of the *Historical Portraits*, where I have made out, I trust, a satisfactory answer to the slanders on Lady Boleyn.

Now, as to the impeachment of Anna's character whilst at the French Court. Protestant and Catholic writers agree in stating that Queen Claude was an amiable and religious Princess.* She was a homely little woman, plain in face as she was good in heart. Queen Claude was always surrounded by a number of young ladies, who walked in procession with her to Mass every morning, and formed part of her state whenever she appeared in public. In private life, she directed their labours at the loom or in embroidery frame, and endeavoured by every means in her power to give a virtuous and devotional turn to their thoughts and conversation. The

* Queen Claude was the daughter of Louis the Twelfth, by Anne of Bretagne.

*society of gentlemen was prohibited to these maidens.** About this time the Queen was assured by one of her chaplains that Anna desired to "enter a convent and bid farewell to the world". The young English ladies at the French Court called Anna "Sister Nan". She was immensely beloved by Queen Claude and her ladies. Suddenly, however, an order came from Hever Castle for her "immediate return". The "leave-taking" has been described by a lady present, as "most distressing". This was the time, and the place, where the fabricators of falsehood describe Anna Boleyn "as leading a questionable life, and being very much among the courtiers".

In 1522, Anna Boleyn, then in her twenty-first year, returned to England from the French Court, to the regret of Queen Claude. Anna was long remembered in the Court of Blois, where she spent the happiest days of her life. Perhaps no young lady of her time or rank was better read. She was perfect in the French tongue of that period, and could converse in Italian and Spanish. Her singing was exquisite, and she handled with judgment both lute and rebec.

The best of Anna's gifts were those of Nature, not of Art ; the wine and harvest of her Celtic blood. She was a poetess no less than a musician. The pulse of life beat strongly in her veins. No pain surprised the gladness of her eyes ; her spirits never flagged ; her brightness never failed. The soul of every circle into which she came, she made, without an effort of her own, a friend of every generous woman, and a knight of every chivalrous man. That yearning for a holy life which she had felt at Hever, and had set before her fancy as the prize of filial love, had painted her animal spirits with an ideal grace. Her eyes were always lit with fire ; her lips were always curved with mirth ; an air of mischief hovered on her brow ; yet under the bewitching Celtic manner lay a deep sense of

* Brantôme ; *Queens of England*, Vol. II., p. 571.

things unseen ; now playful, now sedate, she could be everything in turn. If Queen Claude and the Princess René loved her for the beauty of her ways, Marguerite de Valois found in her a kindred thinker. Neither Queen Katharine, nor the ladies of her Court, could resist the charms of Anna ; in her society the day was never dull, and, in the sparkle of her talk, the old of heart felt young and fresh again.

Although much admired at the French and Flemish Courts, Anna Boleyn is not known to have formed any attachment. If she ever loved, the object was either Wyatt or Percy. The former she had known intimately from childhood. Margaret Lee, her life-long friend, states that Anna "was never really happy ; a kind of discontent always lingered around her ; sometimes she found her sobbing and crying, or sitting under a tree in a garden, and alone". Perhaps the want of some kindred spirit caused this waywardness, whilst her talents and genius, and the superior cultivation of her mind, stood forth without a rival amongst the Court ladies of England or France.

The *Thomas Tradition*, the *Camden Society Papers*, and the *Howard Memorials*, all prove that Sir Thomas Boleyn was married a second time. It is certain, therefore, that the unamiable Lady Wiltshire was not the mother of Anna Boleyn. Lady Wiltshire outlived her husband and step-children many years.

The name of Anna Boleyn seems still to enlist the interest of some, perhaps, the sympathy of others. But there is a great moral lesson to be derived from her story. How feverish was her existence, how joyless were her pleasures, how unsatisfactory her greatness, how awful her doom ! When her life-dream was over, early sentiments returned, and she became truly repentant for the many dreadful results of her daring ambition. To the philosophic and unprejudiced mind her death must seem the brightest phase of her existence ; while Henry Tudor's

exit from the earthly scene was but the lingering flicker of a long-consuming lamp which threw a sombre glare upon a heartless, tyrannic, and impenitent profligate.*

Although my space is brief, I cannot pass over the name of Anna Boleyn's father (Lord Wiltshire). Amongst the historical groups present at the baptism of Jane Seymour's son, there appeared an old man who carried a taper of wax in his hand, and was an object of contemptuous pity to every eye: that man was the father of the murdered Anna Boleyn—Lord Wiltshire. Two years subsequently (1538), having worn out his character, his once high reputation, and his honour, to the very last shred, he expired, amidst the world's contempt—"unwept, unhonoured, and unsung".

As a Queen Consort, Jane Seymour did little harm; but there is not one noble, gracious, generous, or good action recorded of her. She did not know how to fulfil a grand or queenly office, and, divested of fine robes and regal honours, she was merely a handsome woman, of no ability, and of no pretence, even to the possession of a heart. Such is the true history of a woman who has been made by many writers the heroine of both parties—Catholic and Protestant!

* I refer the reader to Volume I., p. 385, of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, for the minute particulars concerning Anna Boleyn's Fall, and her religious sentiments, which have been so frequently misrepresented by party writers.





THOMAS, CARDINAL OF YORK. .

A DIVERSITY of opinion exists, as to the merits of Wolsey, and is likely to continue so, as long as educated people foster and promote sectarian feelings, where there should alone exist a magnanimous rivalry in revealing truth concerning the History of the Past. I contend that Wolsey was in no manner swayed by the vulgar vanity of appearing proud, in that light in which the ignorant or the superficial behold the surroundings of a great man. Magnificent in all his notions, and in all his doings—in the selection of plate, dress, tapestry, pictures, buildings; the furniture of a chapel, a church, or a palace, the arranging of gardens, of flowers, of fountains; the setting of a ring, or the arrangement of some exquisite jewel; the forms and etiquette of a congress; a procession in heraldic order, or a sumptuous banquet, there was the same regal and classic taste prevailing; the same powerful grasp of little things and of great affairs; a mind, a soul as capacious as the sea, and as minute as the sand upon the shore, when minuteness was required: he could do nothing petty, nothing mean.* He went far to civilise the English nobles; to elevate the tastes of the commercial classes, and accustom the people to distinguish between the barbaric profusion of the past and the treasures of beauty which science

* Brewer's *State Papers*.

and art, working with the same materials, now opened to their awakening discernment. On no occasion did the universality of Wolsey's genius for organisation display itself more signally than at the meeting of the French and English monarchs on the memorable "Field of the Cloth of Gold". There Wolsey was studied by all, and to all seemed inexhaustible in the graces of his bearing and the aptitude of his arrangements. Of the personal appearance and disposition of Wolsey about this time (1519), the despatches of Sebastian Giustiniani are the most correct :—

Cardinal Wolsey is now about forty-six years of age, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent ; of vast ability, and indefatigable in carrying out his projects ; he alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magisteries and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal ; and all State affairs are managed by him likewise, let their nature be what it may ; he is pensive, and has the reputation of being extremely just ; he is the councillor who rules both the King and the entire realm ; his enemies account him haughty and imperious, yet much more humility and moderation than Wolsey possessed could scarcely have escaped the imputation.

Such a sight as this Cardinal presented was not common to the eyes of Christendom. The great nobles could obtain no audience of him until after four or five applications ; foreign ambassadors not even then.

Erasmus considered him "almost omnipotent". The people, who daily saw him declared he was moved by "witchcraft". The late Professor Brewer, whose loss every student of history must lament, observes, "that, undisputed as was the supremacy of Wolsey it was no more than might have been expected. In genius, in penetration, in aptitude for business and indefatigable labour, he had no equal. All despatches addressed to ambassadors abroad or at home passed through his hands ; the entire political correspondence of the time was committed to his perusal and waited for his decision. Before a single measure was submitted to the Privy Council, it was first shaped

by Wolsey's hands ; he managed it, unaided and alone, when it had passed their approval. *

During the meeting of Henry VIII., Francis I., and their Queens—Katharine of England and Claude of France—at the Field of the "Cloth of Gold," Richard Pace, as the Dean of St. Paul's, preached before the allies the Latin Sermon in the Royal Chapel. In his discourse he congratulated France and England on the meeting of their Sovereigns, and made an eloquent oration on the blessings of peace. The religious ceremony on this occasion was grand and imposing. Two cardinals, two legates, four archbishops, and ten suffragan bishops, were in attendance on Wolsey, who sang the High Mass. The air was perfumed with incense and flowers, and the altars of the church were hung with cloth of gold tissue, embroidered with pearls ; cloth of gold covered the walls and desks, basins and censers, cruets, and other vessels of the same materials lent a lustre to its service. On the grand altar, shaded by a magnificent canopy of large proportions, stood twenty-four enormous candlesticks and other ornaments of solid gold. Twelve golden images of the Apostles, as large as children of five years old, astonished the sight of the English visitors. The copes and vestments of the officiating prelates were cloth of tissue, powdered with red roses, brought from the looms of Florence, and woven in one piece, thickly studded with gold, precious stones, and jewellery. The seats and other appointments were of corresponding taste and splendour. †

A proud contemplation to the English on-looker to behold Thomas Wolsey, as the Cardinal of York, standing at the great altar of this regal chapel, pronouncing the benediction, surrounded by four archbishops, two legates, ten prelates, two kings and their queens, with the nobles and fair dames of

* Brewer's *State Papers* on Wolsey's Administration, Home and Foreign.

† Brewer's *Foreign State Papers*.

England and France kneeling in the Royal presence ; then, as they rose, the sudden burst of enchanting music, the roar of artillery, and the acclamations of the vast multitude without, who, in those days, were loyal to the Church of Rome, and also loyal to the King and the Constitution.

On this memorable occasion there knelt behind Queen Claude a sweet-featured maiden, then in the early spring of life, whose mind seemed engrossed with pious influences ; wrapped in devotion, she appeared all unconscious of her beautiful presence, her speaking eyes turned heavenwards, and her rich black hair reaching in silken ringlets to her girdle. This, the fairest amongst the galaxy of beauty present, was Nan de Bouleine—the favourite of Queen Claude—little dreaming then of her wayward fate.

Another clerical diplomatist enters upon the scene. Richard Pace was born in Hampshire, about the year 1482. He received his early education at Padua, and subsequently graduated in Oxford ; next, he held the office of Latin Secretary to Cardinal Bainbridge, and resided in Rome for some time, when, recalled by his Sovereign, he entered on the diplomatic service. In this department of government he was eminently successful. He held the Deanery of St. Paul's, and also that of Exeter. Both in matters of Church and State his administrative powers were considerable. He was a man of stern principles, yet courtly and elegant in his address, unostentatious, benevolent, affable, and considerate. Historians make little mention of his name, and he is seldom noticed, except to be described as a "knave or a fool". He was very far from being either. He was faithful, honourable, and patriotic, as an English diplomatic agent ; nevertheless, several English historians question his integrity, and show little knowledge of this able man. Pace wrote a "defence of Queen Katharine's position as a wife," which gave offence to Henry VIII. Knowing what would follow, Pace resigned all

his preferments in Church and State, and retired to Stepney, where he died in 1532, enjoying till his death the friendship of such men as Erasmus, More, and Pole.*

Sir Robert Wingfield stood next in importance to his friend, Richard Pace. Wingfield had been a long time ambassador at the Court of the Emperor Maximilian. He was more remarkable for fidelity to his country, and for his own personal integrity, than for diplomatic subtlety. He was, therefore, no match for the wily German monarch, who was able to read the mind of the envoy, and improve the knowledge to his own advantage. Sir Robert Wingfield belonged to a class of statesmen, then rapidly disappearing before a younger, more versatile, and expert generation, of whom Thomas Wolsey might be considered the chief. Wingfield speaks of himself as living in the days of Henry the Sixth—of his long experience as a negotiator, and of the white hairs “which he had gotten in the cold snowy mountains of Germany”.

Sir Robert Wingfield had the quaintness and precision of a man of a then old school, and both were visible in his conversation, his letters, and his handwriting, with a tinge of pedantry not unbecoming a man of his years, and displaying itself in the use of Latinized English and classical references. He was a little proud of himself, but more proud of the Wingfields, as he was bound to be ; was easily hurt, but bore no malice.

If there was any creature in the world whom Wingfield hated, it was a Frenchman. He devoutly believed that the French had been at the bottom of all the evils that had happened in Christendom during the past four hundred years. In short, Wingfield was the most guileless, upright, humane, and valiant of all “bachelor knights,” as he called himself. Stiff and formal, somewhat conceited and pedantical, but full of a wise, gracious, hearty, and forgiving humanity, which was

* *Brewer's State Papers.*

not the worse because it had a leaven of his peculiar failings. I know not whether it was more to the credit of Wingfield or Maximilian, that the English envoy was so long at the Court of the German Emperor. Maximilian, though no genius himself, found little difficulty in managing such a man. To Wingfield he was most respectful; listened to his tedious speeches without betraying signs of impatience, and treated him occasionally with profuse courtesy. He professed to make Sir Robert Wingfield the depository of his secrets; to unbosom to him those deeper feelings and designs he could trust to no others, not even to his most intimate councillors. To the proud and susceptible Wingfield, Maximilian spoke of the English King in the most affectionate manner, and raised his bonnet when he received the English despatches. Wingfield obstinately held faith in his Imperial friend, believing that his wisdom, as "an Emperor, made him a wise and holy man". In time, however, he discovered that his royal patron was a knave and a cheat.

When Wingfield retired from the diplomatic service, he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which office he held up to his death, in 1525. For a long time tradition preserved a crowd of anecdotes of Maximilian and his friends—Pace and Wingfield.

I regret that my space will not permit me to proceed further with the Historical Notes on the career of Wolsey and his Contemporaries. I must, however, add a few words more concerning Thomas Wolsey. Those who are not well acquainted with the *Home and Foreign State Papers* of the reign of Henry VIII. can form no accurate opinion of the greatness of the Cardinal of York as a minister of the Crown.

I refer the reader to Vol. I. of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, for the Rise, Progress, and Fall of Cardinal Wolsey.

Like many of the eminent men who preceded Wolsey on

the roll of history, his merits were unappreciated by his contemporaries ; and posterity feels indignant at learning, that in forty-eight hours subsequent to the moment of dissolution, the remains of the once illustrious Cardinal of York were placed in a deal coffin, and consigned to an obscure grave, unwept and unlamented, except by a few tried friends, who, for the glory and the honour of human nature, amidst so much of baseness, greed, ingratitude, and cruelty, remained loving and faithful to the end.

It is undeniable that when the interests and the honour of England were concerned, this remarkable man was energetic and fearless ; yet he waged no war of blood or plunder. His wars were the contests of diplomacy ; his triumphs the victories of intellectual supremacy. As a politician of the period in which he lived, he played his part with a certain degree of frankness and honesty seldom to be found in diplomatists of any time. In his fall, however, he evinced more magnanimity than at the zenith of his greatness. It is at length time that truth should be vindicated ; that the ignorant or malignant narratives so often presented to posterity as biographies of Thomas Wolsey should be controverted, and the real character cited of a man who, in ideas as well as well as actions, was the grandest minister that Europe had produced up to the epoch in which he lived—and mayhap up to the present.

“Ambition leaves an odious mark upon History only when it has been accompanied by wrong and bloodshed ; but not a single public act of this great man can be proved to have been unjust, whilst the gentleness and humanity of his government are conspicuous almost beyond belief when a contrast comes to be drawn between it and that of his contemporaries or successors.” Such is the judgment pronounced upon the public life of Wolsey by a distinguished writer of the Church of England, the Rev. J. H. Blunt. The late Professor Brewer, another cleric of the Church of England, traces all the slanders

upon Wolsey's reputation to Pollydore Vergil. Mr. Brewer says, "My only surprise is, that every Historian in succession should have accepted Pollydore Vergil's statements as a true picture of the Cardinal of York". The names of the authors who have quoted Pollydore Vergil in this case have long since been branded as the purveyors of falsehood. It seems to be the fate of many public men to be misrepresented to posterity. The frequent penalty of fame! Many statements have been chronicled as to the jealousy of Wolsey towards some of his distinguished contemporaries. The fact is, the great statesman might, in truth, have said with Petrarch: "Of all vices, envy is the last of which I could be guilty". No great mind has ever envied in another the possession of genius or virtue.

It is sad, indeed, to think that no memorial marks the spot where the dust of Thomas Wolsey lies buried. Even tradition can scarcely trace the whereabouts of his grave. Such has been the case with the mortal frames of many of the immortals of the "far-off days of the world". But the greatest and the noblest monument that can be erected to genius and virtue is that which the truth and equity of History, in her calm and impartial judgment, award to the actions and the motives of those who have "done the State some service".





ROYAL VICISSITUDES IN SCOTLAND.

THE Student of History must feel a special interest in the Scotch Royal name of Stuart. It has been remarked that the Stuarts "brought ill-luck and a curse in their train"; but it may be more correct to state that the political troubles of the Royal House of Stuart, and of their people, are traceable to the Tudor connection. The misdeeds and disasters attributed to Queen Margaret's personal conduct gave rise to the civil wars which subsequently proved so fatal to her Stuart offspring and their chivalrous adherents. The reader is aware that Queen Margaret was the elder daughter of Henry VII., and her contemporaries represent Margaret as a violent and mischievous woman. In her second marriage she was forgetful of her honour as a queen.

In the British Museum is deposited a large and curious collection of Queen Margaret's letters to her brother Henry, who does not seem to have been satisfied with her conduct. He sent a stern and stinging rebuke to her, concerning her divorce, and "advised her to live honestly with her husband"; and further lectured her upon the "stories reported against her honour". The bearer of this confidential advice was one of the Observant Fathers from Greenwich. In a letter of Henry to his ambassador in Scotland, the English monarch writes:—"The behaviour of my sister sounds openly to her extreme reproach. . . . She is more like an unnatural and transformed person than the daughter of a virtuous father and

mother. She has neither discretion nor honour, and cares little for what the world may pronounce against her."

This picture is very like what Queen Margaret's brother became at a subsequent period, for few monarchs cared less for the judgment of the existent world, or of posterity, than Henry Tudor himself.

Edward Hall, the historian of Henry's reign,* numbers amongst the events of that period the visit of Queen Margaret to London. The English nobles and knights who were sent to escort her from the "Border Countrie" to London, entertained no high opinion of her sense of good-breeding as a lady. Her manners were gross, and she frequently indulged in violent fits of passion and indecent language.†

Margaret, the Dowager Queen of Scotland, was the first of the Tudor family who sought to dissolve the marriage bonds. She *divorced herself from two husbands*; had "several favourites"; robbed the public treasury of what little money it possessed, and by her actions became a scandal to the monarch. The women of Scotland detested her as a queen and as a woman.

When this fallen princess had reached her fortieth year, she was suddenly struck down by a fatal illness, and being assured that she had not many days to live, cried out for a confessor. Her request was immediately complied with, and after "five days of agony and penitential tears," Margaret the Dowager Queen of Scotland, expired. An old Scottish tradition states that her last hours were most edifying. She desired above all things to see her son, King James V., in order to beg his forgiveness for the shame and scandal she caused to the royal family. Her son, who did not arrive till his mother was dead, honoured her with a public funeral; and the Scottish clans, forgetting her errors, attended to pay a last tribute to her whom

* Hall was judge of the Sheriff's Court. Like the officials of the period, he was the mere creature of the King.

† Brewer's *State Papers*.

they once worshipped as "beautiful Murgo with the golden hair". Such was the end of Margaret Tudor.

To return to the fate of the Scottish princes. Robert II. was the first sovereign of the Stuart family, who succeeded to the throne of Scotland, on the death of David II., without issue. Robert was the son of Margery, daughter of the great liberator of his country, Robert Bruce, and his direct representative in default of male descendants. The lineage sprang from the Anglo-Norman race of Fitz-Alan. This pedigree has been distinctly traced by antiquaries, to the suppression of many fabulous legends. The surname of Stewart, or Stuart (it is spelt both ways by learned authorities), supplanted that of Fitz-Alan, in virtue of the dignity of seneschal, or steward of the royal household, which had become hereditary in the family. Robert II., reigned nineteen years without any signal disaster; and though not possessed of brilliant talents, or much personal activity, he was nevertheless a good monarch, and, on the whole, better and more fortunate than many of his successors.

Robert III., died of a broken heart, in consequence of the murder of his eldest, and the captivity of his second son.

David, Duke of Rothesay, and Prince Royal of Scotland, was confined in the palace of Falkland, and cruelly starved to death, through the machinations of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. James, Robert's younger brother, succeeded to the throne, after a long imprisonment in England. He put to death, under judicial prosecutions, several of his nearest kindred; and was murdered by assassins headed by his uncle, Walter, Earl of Athol, who, for perpetrating this act of regicide, was executed with dreadful tortures.

JAMES II., was killed by the bursting of a cannon, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was called James with the "fiery face," from a red spot which disfigured his otherwise handsome countenance. But he

merited the title of fiery more justly from the natural violence of his temper, which led him to slay the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and under his own roof, at Stirling Castle.

JAMES III., flying from a battle with his rebellious nobles, his horse started at the sight of a woman drawing water at a well, and threw him to the ground. He was borne into a neighbouring mill, and incautiously proclaimed his name and qualities. Some of the enemy who followed entered the hut, recognised and slew their monarch, whose body was never found; neither were the murderers ever identified. He was a weak and unfortunate, rather than a bad Sovereign. Suspicions rest on his memory of having participated in the murder of his brother, the Earl of Marr.

JAMES IV. of Scotland, was a man of refined taste and ability, but vain and vacillating. His weakness was a love of popularity; he was good-natured and warm-hearted, and his accessibility to the humbler classes of his subjects rendered him deservedly beloved. His quarrel with his brother-in-law (Henry VIII.), was forced upon him by many circumstances. Prudence might, however, have avoided it. The battle which ended so disastrously for King James, was fought by him against the remonstrances of the oldest and the most experienced of his generals. The Earl of Angus implored him to retreat, or seek a better position for a battle. "Angus," said the selfwilled monarch, "if you are afraid, you may go home." The old baron, bursting into tears, turned mournfully away, observing that his former life might have spared him such a rebuke from the lips of his Sovereign. "My age," said he, "renders my body of no service, and my counsel is despised; but I leave my two sons and the vassals of Douglas in the field: may the result be glorious, and the foreboding of Angus unfounded."*

* Tytler's *History of Scotland*, Vol. IV., p. 77; *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. I., p. 123, 4.

The last day of this ill-fated monarch's life was worthy of a soldier and a king. At Brankstone Field, in the neighbourhood of Flodden, on Friday, the 9th September, 1513, King James and his army met with a signal defeat. The Scots fought with all that heroic valour for which their time-honoured old land was renowned ; but they had to encounter the well-fed and well-disciplined troops of England, led to the charge by such generals as the Earl of Surrey, supported by the Stanleys, the Constables, and the Dacres.* The Scots descended the hill on foot, in good order, numbering some forty-six thousand men. Adopting the German fashion they moved forward in perfect silence ; the great majority of them were armed with a sharp spear five yards in length, and targets which they held before them. When the spears failed they fought with sharp swords, making little noise but terrible execution. The Scottish army were repulsed ; they came to the charge again and again ; the fates, however, decided against them ; they were crushed, but not finally vanquished. The battle was a fearful carnage. Lord Thomas Howard in his despatch to King Henry, says :—*"As I expect no quarter, I shall give none."* *No quarter !* What a scene to contemplate ! King James is reported to have said that, under any circumstances, he would never condescend to seek quarter from his ungenerous brother-in-law (Henry VIII.). "Your king leads you to glory, or to death," were the words used by King James, when advancing to the last charge. In four hours and forty minutes, he fell mortally wounded and covered with blood ; a brave man fighting to the end, and winning, as he prayed to win, a soldier's death.

When the remains of the king were found amongst the slain, his neck was opened in the middle with a wide wound, and his

* The English army numbered about thirty-five thousand ; one-half of them were German and Swiss mercenaries—all excellent soldiers, but mean, vindictive thieves, who stripped and robbed the dying and the dead. The English soldiers very seldom descended to such infamous practices.

left hand almost cut off in two places. The archers sent a shower of arrows into the body of the unfortunate monarch.* The remains of fifteen gallant lords lay stiff beside the corpse of their royal master; the Archbishop of St. Andrews and three abbots were not far from their prince; they, too, had paid the death penalty. Sixteen chiefs of ancient clans were amongst the dead; and ten thousand † of the brave Scots lay here and there on the bloody field. As the dismal night approached, the scene became ghastly; every blow seemed to have proved fatal, and, to add to the mournful effect, observes Ramsay, "the winds chanted, as it were, a midnight dirge over the pale and silent dead". Humanity has reason to rejoice that, in the regular armies of Christendom there are *now* no subsidised "foreign legions," whose trade is war and rapine; and that the slaughter of the wounded on the battle-field, and the outrage of women, slaying of the young and the old, with the accompanying horrors, have now been relegated to the only power connected with Europe which denies the Divine mission of the Founder of Christianity, and contemns the maxims of His merciful creed.

The news of the disastrous battle soon reached the most distant parts of Scotland, and the death of the king, whom the people passionately regarded, was received with wild lamentations. The wail of private grief from the laird's castle to the humble cottage, was loud and universal. In Edinburgh were to be heard the heart-rending shrieks of women, young and old, who ran distracted through the streets, bewailing the husbands, the sons, the brothers, or the kindred who had

* Godwin's *Annals*; Tytler's *History of Scotland*, Vol. IV.; *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. I.

† The accounts of the losses at this battle are very conflicting. Some state the English lost five thousand men, and the Scotch ten thousand, or more. This statement, judging by recent research, is not correct. The English lost no person of note.

fallen in the fatal fight; the young mothers, clasping their infants to their bosom, trembled in anticipation of the coming horrors and desolation of their country. The young widowed queen with the infant king in her arms was an object of sympathy to every patriotic Scot.

JAMES V. died from grief and misfortune for the loss of his army at Solway Moss. He was only thirty years of age. His two male children had expired within a few days of each other in the preceding year. His last words on being told, when on his death-bed, that his queen was delivered of a daughter, were long remembered, and often repeated.—“The crown came with a lass, and it will go with a lass.” Mary of Lorraine, the widow of James the Fifth of Scotland, and the mother of the future Queen Mary, is described by her contemporaries as “one of the loveliest and most fascinating princesses in Europe”. Her death-bed scene was one of the grandest on record. She sent for twelve of the leading Reformers, and said something kind to each of them, imploring the practice of charity and good feeling towards one another. And then the queen bade them all a long farewell. Several of the stern Puritans burst into tears. This scene made an immense impression upon all present, and those who heard of it.





A ROYAL HONEYMOON.

THE private lives of the Plantagenets furnish intervals for the most romantic narratives, of which the readers of history know but little, and consequently are unable to form any but an imperfect idea of the character and motives of those royal personages who came upon the scene in remote times.

The love affairs of the Tudor family never ran in a straight or smooth channel ; nevertheless, the private history of the family could be traced from Owen Tudor down to the last of the race in 1603. In the Tudor family many severe conflicts occurred between Love and Ambition.

Whilst the King's Council were in deliberation as to the policy of a marriage between the Infanta of Spain and the young King Henry, they were suddenly informed that the monarch and the princess had gone early on a June morning to the chapel of the Observant Fathers at Greenwich, and were there married by a member of the order. There was no entry in any of the books of the chapel of such a marriage ; but it is certain that it took place, although the surroundings of the case still remain a mystery. Henry never denied the marriage, but he gave no explanation as to who was present. Katharine seemed to have been equally silent on the subject. The Government caused a public marriage to be performed, which quickly set aside all the scandal and gossip. Everywhere

Henry and Katharine went the people assembled to give expression to their admiration and loyalty. The clandestine marriage, at six o'clock in the morning, highly pleased the populace, as it appeared to them a romantic mode of action. At this time Henry was most condescending in his intercourse with the people, speaking to them in a kindly, frank manner. "Here is the Queen. How do you all like her?" were his words to a crowd of country folk at Blackheath. "And," he continued, "oh, we do love one another immensely." The bride assured her friend Lady Willoughby that she loved for the first time. Her love for her handsome young husband excited the admiration of all classes.

Here is a picture of the royal honeymoon at Greenwich :—

"A young and jovial Court was now formed, in which the morning sport was followed by the evening. A joust, a masque, a feast, 'a maying' varied the delight of every week. The married lovers went a-nutting in the woods. They clomb the hill ; they ran into the glade ; they dangled in their wherries on the sparkling stream ; they ran about in search of sights. One night the young King put on the dress of one of the yeomen of the guard, and with a halbert on his shoulder marched to the King's Head, in Old Chepe ; and on S. Peter's Eve he brought his consort to that famous inn, to see the city watch go past. One day the King held a wrestling match ; another day he cast the lance and drew the bow—two sports in which he excelled. They dressed a company of gentlemen in green, and played the merry game of Robin Hood. The young King was tipsy with his joy, and his pretty Spanish bride poured her warm and earnest love on him like sunshine on her own southern plains. 'My love for Katharine is so great,' wrote Henry, 'that if I were not married to her, I would not exchange her for any other woman in the world !' And thus, beside the sparkling river and beneath the leafy woods, these married lovers spent the second portion of their honeymoon.

"All eyes were bent on them in hope. The King and Queen had taken every heart by storm. By their romantic union they had broken through a formal rule, and everybody who has not to answer for the breach is glad when Princes break through formal rules. They had removed a weight from every back. . . . A reign of peace was opening out, and trade seemed likely to increase. All parties and pretenders vanished. York and Lancaster were ceasing to be factious names. Prince Arthur's widow was

King Henry's bride. No priest, no lawyer, challenged her to prove her right. If any one was in the wrong it was the Pontiff, and the people were too Catholic to imagine that a Pope could be to blame. Looking on the youthful monarch and his Queen, Englishmen threw the past, with all its fears, behind them, and, in ignorance of coming tempests, hailed the morrow as a portal of the golden age." *

Here is the description of another phase of better and happier days of Henry and his Spanish spouse :—

"The citizens of London were determined upon making a marvellous display at the coronation procession. Cornhill may be said to have been enveloped in cloth of gold, and the streets were lined at each side by children dressed in holiday attire ; the windows were filled with the wives and daughters of the wealthy burghers, displaying the riches of the merchant princes in the gorgeousness of their wardrobes ; the roofs of the houses were occupied by musicians and singers. From Cornhill and Old Change, young maidens, habited in snowy white, and bearing in their hands palms of blanch wax, were ranged along the route extending towards Westminster. These damsels were formed in ranks by friars wearing their various coloured habits and collars, who, from silver censers, emitted a cloud of incense upon the Queen's procession as it glided along in slow and solemn pace. Anthems and hymns were sung by young virgins along the line, and when they ceased at intervals, the refrain was taken up by the outside populace, whose cheers stirred all the echoes of the old city, and were repeated with a will by the onlookers from window and house-top. Beyond all pageants previously devised for royalty, the scenes at the coronation procession of Queen Katharine excited sentiments 'the most ideal'. Lord Herbert and other historians give a fervid description of the intellectual gifts and personal charms of Katharine at the time of her marriage with Henry. The Queen and her ladies were objects of general admiration. She was attired as a bride in white embroidered satin ; her hair, which was very beautiful, hung at length down her back almost to her feet ; she wore on her head a coronal set with precious stones. Immediately before the royal chariot rode twenty-four trumpeters dressed in crimson velvet coats. At the Exchange one hundred of the fairest virgins, attired in white, flung flowers beneath the bride's feet, and music, accompanied by the acclamations of a multitude of happy people, was to be heard at every point along the procession. The Queen was seated in a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by four white horses with magnificent appointments. Then

* *History of Two Queens*, Vol. II.

followed the young maidens of the nobility and other notables drawn in richly-ornamented vehicles styled wherlicotes. The day closed with a general feasting in every circle, and, as usual, the convents and abbeys gave an extra quantity of good cheer to the poor."

The sunny scenes of this memorable period were not destined to be of long duration ; and no one could fathom the terrible Future.





HENRY VIII. AND THE PAPACY.

THE late Professor Brewer wrote thus of the Papacy :—

The Papacy was not only the highest, but it was the oldest monarchy of Europe. Compared with it all other and imperial offices of power and majesty were of a recent development ; no small consideration at a time when aristocracy and long descent were so highly valued. . . . It was fenced round with traditions mounting up to heaven. *It had been the great and chosen instrument of God for propagating and preserving the law, the faith, and the love of Christ among ignorant and unsophisticated nations*—a prophet among babes, an apostle among barbarians. It had been the chief, at one time the sole depository of wisdom, art, law, literature, and science to uninstructed and admiring men. Whether S. Peter founded or not a primacy at Rome, might be a question of interest and importance to the disputants of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries : it was of no importance whatever to men before the Reformation. Circumstances quite independent of S. Peter, deeds which the Middle Ages could understand ; services of the highest nature rendered to mankind, the silent and even the obtrusive attestation of spiritual truths, of spiritual order and authority, rising above the confusion and the janglings of this world, these, and similar influences, were the true causes of the Primacy of S. Peter. For these, kings and emperors felt themselves constrained to bow down before the representative of a heavenly authority, and grovel for reconciliation and forgiveness at his footstool.

To be at amity with the Pope, to be dignified with some distinction as his champion or assistant in the faith, was an honour coveted beyond all others. It was the more highly esteemed because it was extended to a very few. To be one of a select circle, was to hold a higher rank in the comity of nations. To stand aloof, to be excluded, was to forfeit a distinction which kings and their subjects coveted and appreciated.

Looking at the whole career of Henry Tudor, considering his education, the potency of long custom, his own character, his subtle influence pervading the very atmosphere of the time, it would be unnatural to suppose that

he now intended to break entirely with Rome, and stand alone in his defiance of the Pope's authority. It is unlikely that he would have braved the good opinion of Christendom had he not been betrayed into a position from which escape was impossible.*

The learned Professor hesitates to state by whom Henry VIII. had been "betrayed". All the memorials and proofs of the time indicate Thomas Cranmer as that "betrayed".

Professor Brewer's long study of the State Papers of Henry's reign makes him a most valuable witness in replying to an assertion of Mr. Froude, almost unexampled for its ignorance of the social history of the times, concerning the lower classes of working people purchasing and reading "with enthusiasm" Tyndale's Bible. Mr. Froude has been unnecessarily, yet very justly, contradicted by several writers upon this subject; but in this case I prefer the simple statement of a learned gentleman who has spent a large portion of his life amongst the State Records of the reign of Henry VIII., and whose high sense of integrity and honour is beyond suspicion.

"To imagine," observes Professor Brewer, "that ploughmen and shepherds in the country read the New Testament in English by stealth under hedges, or that smiths and carpenters in towns, pored over its pages in the corners of their workshops, is to mistake the character and acquirements of the age. So far as the doctrines on the study of the Bible are concerned, the Reformation belongs to a later period. It did not commence with the lower classes, or the laity, but with a certain section of the clergy and the Universities. . . . There is no reason to suppose that the nation, as a body, was discontented with the Olden Creed. Facts point to the opposite conclusion. Had it been so, the Princess Mary, whose attachment to the faith of her mother was well known, would never have been permitted to mount the throne, or have found her ascent to it comparatively easy, seeing that the Reformers

* Professor Brewer's *State Papers on the Reign of Henry VIII.*

under Edward VI. had been permitted to have their own way unchecked, and to displace from honour and influence all who had opposed their religious principles.*

Far down into the reign of Elizabeth—according to the testimony of Sir William Cecil, at the time of the Spanish Armada—the September of 1588, memorable for storms at sea, and numerous shipwrecks—the Olden Faith of England still numbered three-fourths of the population. The experiment would have been hazardous to the promoters of Protestantism at any time, if, from the death of Henry VIII. down to the Spanish Armada, a *plébiscite* could have been impartially taken of the religious feelings of the people. The attachment of the English people to Catholicity, and the difficulty everywhere experienced by the Government, and the Anglican prelates, in weaning the clergy and their flocks from their pristine convictions, formed sufficient proof of its cherished and widespread stability.

Considering the temper of the English people, it is by no means probable that immorality could have existed among the ancient clergy to the degree which the exaggeration of prejudiced preachers and reckless historians would lead the unread masses to suppose. The existence of such an evil condition of morals is not verified by authentic documents, or by any impartial and real estimate of the character and conduct of the nation before the Reformation. There was nothing more difficult than for contemporaries to form from their own experience a fair judgment of the morality of the times in which they lived. If the complaints of preachers and moralists are to be accepted as authoritative on this head, there would be no difficulty in producing abundant evidence from the Reformers themselves, that the crimes and abuses of their own age, under the “Boy-King,” Edward VI., and the “good Queen Bess,” were inexpressibly greater than in the ages preceding.

* Brewer's *State Papers*, Vol. IV., *Introduction*.



THE DAY-DREAM OF A POET.

NO one amongst the victims of Henry VIII. fell more guiltless, or more generally regretted by all whom personal animosity or the spirit of party had not hardened against sentiments of human sympathy, or blinded to the perception of genius, than Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. His quaint and fanciful songs and graceful sonnets, which served as a model to the most popular poets of the age of Elizabeth, still excite the tender interest of every student of the olden literature of England. Surrey spent a portion of his early years in Italy, then the centre of literature, of art, and the Garden of Poetic Inspiration. It is from the return of this accomplished gentleman that we are to date, not only the introduction into our language of the Petrarchian sonnet, and with it of a tenderness and refinement of sentiment unknown to the ruggedness of our preceding versifiers, but, what is much more, that of the heroic blank verse—a noble measure of which the earliest example exists in Surrey's spirited and faithful version of one book of the "*Æneid*". History and tradition have been auspicious to the fame of Surrey; yet it is probable that his early death on the scaffold has imparted a halo to his memory which his actions might not have conferred. As a lover of the "*Fayre Geraldine*," he has been placed in the most romantic light by the admirers of the marvellous. It was at the house

of the ill-fated Catharine Howard that the poet is said to have first met Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the heroine of his muse. The love must needs have been on the poet's side only, for the "fair maiden of the tale" could not have been more than thirteen years of age when she is stated to have first captivated Surrey. Of course, his enthusiasm for the young lady manifested as much poetic ardour as if she were in presence, or were as a Laura to her Petrarch. How many poets have worshipped fanciful embodiments, and immortalised fictitious divinities! The whole story seems to me but a beautiful fiction—seeing that in plain fact the details of the asserted love passages are full of contradictions, and the "ladye fayre," sad to say, seemed not to have possessed the refined and delicate requirements which deserved the homage of such an intellect; and again, judged by subsequent events, her love for the poet appears to have been merely imagined. She felt flattered, no doubt, by the sonnets of Surrey, and his stately attentions; but for the benefit of the romantic, may not all the mystic loves of poets be translated in very common-place language? I know that a poet imagines—who, even the most prosaic man of intellect, does not?—an ideal. It might perhaps be more correct to call the myth an idol; but, ideal or eidolon, may not the poet look more to the music of his rhythm than to the charms of his fanciful inspiration? As the sunlight imparted melody to the stern statue of Memnon, and elicited melody from a classic antecessor of the Æolian harp in the granite heart of the Græco-Egyptian Zeus, so Surrey's poems to the "Fayre Geraldine" may have been but the effect in a colder clime of the imaginative fervour of a lover of the ideal devoting his music to supposition—imitative of the spiritual devotion of his antecedent idealist, Petrarch, to Laura—who never could be, and never was, *his* Laura—an ideal to whom the "frenzy of fancy" erected the eikōn of imagination at the fount of Castalia. However, the lovers

of romance in history have had some pleasing thoughts excited by those rhymes, which have had, as not many acknowledge, an effect not unfelt on that wonderful composite—the English tongue. So we may say of Surrey in regard to this his alleged passage of love—

“ Filled with balm, the gale sighs on—
 Though the flowers have sunk to death
 So when the poet's dream is gone,
 His memory lives in music's breath.”

I think Anthony Wood is the first author of repute who relates the romantic narrative of “Surrey and Geraldine's love”. Wood quotes Drayton as his authority. It turns out, however, that part of the romance was borrowed from a little book written by the eccentric and romantic Tom Nash, and published in 1591. Let it be remembered that the interesting young lady in question was not born till 1528. In this case dates form the nearest clue to facts. “To believe that Surrey could have seen the lovely Geraldine languishing on a couch, bewailing his absence in all the tenderness of ardent passion; or to give any credit to the story which represents her a prey to jealous doubts and fears, anxiously entreating her lover to guard *his* heart against the bright eyes and seductive charms of the Italian ladies, and hasten his return, *that their mutual love* might be crowned by a blissful union; when, at that very period, she was only a child in the nursery, and Surrey himself a married man, would betray a credulity altogether irrational.”* A recent writer contends that Lord Surrey commenced his love narrative of the “Fayre Geraldine” whilst a prisoner in the Norman Tower at Windsor Castle. I cannot accept this statement. It is more likely that Surrey was imprisoned in the Fleet, or the Tower by the riverside.

* Nott's *Life of Surrey*.

At the "barge procession" from Greenwich to the Tower, on the occasion of Anna Boleyn's coronation, a pale and abstracted-looking gentleman sat beside the Duke of Norfolk in one of the royal barges. The sickly countenance of this young man presented a peculiar contrast with a rich crimson velvet dress, trimmed with miniver, and cap of the same colour, surmounted with a small white feather, and a bandeau of rubies. He had small dark eyes, insignificant when bent upon the ground, but brilliant and piercing when raised to encounter the gaze of others; thin compressed lips; a sharp and beardless chin, and a delicate, almost languid appearance.* Such was the poet Surrey, as he appeared at the coronation procession of his unfortunate cousin, Anna Boleyn.

Contrasted with the Earl of Surrey, like a rich oil painting with the delicate hues of a miniature, yet aged by care or concealed sorrows, and wearing on his noble features an aspect of the deepest anxiety, Thomas Wyatt leaned against one of the gorgeous decorations of the royal barge, ever and anon inclining to answer the short and low-breathed communications of his brother poet, Henry, Earl of Surrey. A great friendship existed between Surrey, Rochford, and Wyatt. Roger Ascham writes:—"Although very young† at the time of Queen Anna's coronation, I remember the procession on the river. I saw Lords Surrey, Rochford, and Tom Wyatt in a royal barge on that day. It was a pleasing sight for scholars to behold the three poets sitting together. Each had his love story, but dare not reveal it." How sad!

Lord Surrey manifested a warm friendship for his brother-in-

* Amongst Her Majesty's collection of Holbein's pictures is to be seen a magnificent portrait of Henry, Earl of Surrey. The face represents that of an extremely handsome youth of some sixteen years of age. Proud, sad, and lovable; and, may I add, "the most gifted of all the Howards"?

† Roger Ascham was about eighteen years of age at the time of Anna's coronation. He was then a rising student in S. John's College, Cambridge.

law, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry VIII. Surrey was fifteen, and Richmond twelve years old, when they first met at Windsor. Both studied for a time in Paris, and returned together to England. Henry Fitzroy, as Richmond was familiarly styled, was unfortunate in the selection made of his tutors, one of whom introduced him to the society of strolling players, and the "characters" who frequented country fairs and markets. As might have been expected, such company led to the loss of morals and health ; in fact, the boy was permitted to do just as he pleased. It is supposed that Richmond's marriage was promoted by Anna Boleyn, who introduced her cousin Mary Howard to the "bachelor boy". Lady Mary Howard is described as a "peerless gem, a lovely girl of thirteen". Richmond loved her at first sight, and his love was to all appearance returned with fervour. But who could dare introduce the subject to the king? At this time Anna Boleyn's influence with the monarch was immense, and "delicate little Harry Fitzroy" was a favourite with the new Queen : so she promoted the marriage which was to strengthen the connection of the House of Norfolk with the throne. Crumwell did not approve of the match, because he dreaded and hated the Howards ; but Anna Boleyn, who was always inclined to promote love matches, procured the king's approval in this case, as well as in that of her cousin Surrey to marry Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, a lady whose personal advantages were by no means distinguished. Queen Anna took charge of the four affianced lovers at Windsor ; they were constantly in her society, but some delay was caused as to the arrival of the Papal brief in the case of Richmond's marriage.

In his "Elegy on Windsor," Lord Surrey describes the meetings of the lovers under the guardianship of the Queen—herself the centre of all attraction and admiration at that period.

“The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
 With eyes cast up into the Maiden's Tower,*
 And easy sighs such as folks draw in love,
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dances short, long tales of great delight,
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
 Where each of us did plead the other's right.”

When Surrey reached his nineteenth year he came to Queen Anna to claim his bride, and Anna gave up to the poet his wife, with one of those short pretty speeches for which she was so noted. It is stated that they kept their honeymoon for a year—a year of youth and love. Then came a season of gloom and pain, which closed the pastoral of their Windsor life. It is alleged that Surrey was inconstant to his wife. It is also narrated that she was “loved by him to the end”. The Duke of Richmond's delicate health postponed for a time his marriage. Mary Howard and Richmond lived but a very short period of married existence. In the spring of 1536, this thoughtless youth joined in the conspiracy concocted by Crumwell and the Seymours against Anna Boleyn, who had been his devoted friend for years. The Duke of Richmond was present at the Queen's judicial murder, and conducted himself with an indecent levity of manner which shocked the spectators.

In July, 1536, Lord Surrey lost his young friend the Duke of Richmond. Perhaps this “spoiled and petted child of fortune” was more to be pitied than condemned. From childhood he was brought up in a vitiated atmosphere; all his surroundings were evil, and the “only true boy or man” he had ever known was the noble Surrey. No one seemed to care about “poor little Harry” but his girl-wife, who was two years

* Frances Vere and Mary Howard were lodged in the Maiden Tower, from whose windows they occasionally looked down upon their lovers at play in the tennis court.

younger than himself. The grief of the young bride for Richmond's death was intense. For weeks she "indulged in a frantic wail which alarmed her family, and her sorrow seemed to have unsettled her reason".

Harry Fitzroy died at Collewston, once the property of Margaret of Beaufort. According to the *Hardwicke State Papers* his death was caused by consumption. It was, however, bruited in well-informed circles about Windsor Castle, where Fitzroy was well known, that his alleged consumption was caused by a quack doctor in the interest of the Seymours.

At the period of Fitzroy's death the King was only two months married to Jane Seymour ; yet, even at that time, there were speculations secretly entertained and discussed, as to what might be the *result* if the new Queen were to have a daughter—an event which might deprive Jane of the influence which she possessed with the monarch ; and it was further debated by the Seymours that it was very possible the King would endeavour to put into action his long-cherished purpose of creating Fitzroy Prince of Wales. In such a movement the Sovereign might count upon the support of the House of Norfolk. If the project succeeded, the Lady Mary Howard, as the wife of Fitzroy, would advance within a short distance of the throne. The Seymours and their guide, Lord Crumwell, became alarmed. Queen Jane was known to be pregnant at this critical period, and there was therefore no time to be lost. So Harry Fitzroy was suddenly removed from the scene, and left an unimpeded path to the vaulting ambition of Lord Hertford (Seymour) who detested young Richmond. Dark rumours were afloat as to the cause of the sudden death of the King's cherished son ; but those rumours were carefully concealed from the monarch "who wept bitterly at the loss of the little duke". By what means—foul or fair—Henry, Duke of Richmond died, still remains a mystery. Thorndale states that "Edward Seymour and his retainers were the only persons who

could unveil the dark surroundings of the case". Another writer upon the mysterious death observes:—"Like to the beginning was the end of that strange life ; out of the shadows he had come, into the shadows he fell back".

It is strange that the horrible narrative circulated in Essex, Berkshire, and Bucks, concerning the "latter days of the little duke," never reached the royal ear.

In a few weeks subsequent to the death of Richmond, Lord Surrey succeeded in his "earnest appeal" for the remains of his brother-in-law. At Windsor, where he had lived so long, Richmond was denied a grave. This was all done through the intrigues of the Seymours. At Thetford Priory a temporary grave was given to the body, and the incident increased the well-earned hatred of Surrey for Edward Seymour. No other feeling could possibly exist between the loving cousin of unfortunate Anna Boleyn and the brother of that unnatural woman Jane Seymour, who hated "poor little Harry". Lord Surrey raised a monument in Thetford Priory to the memory of Richmond, and had also a fine portrait of him painted in Lambeth House.

The Duchess of Norfolk described the widow of Richmond "as unnatural in her conduct as a daughter". The Duchess of Norfolk was, however, supposed to be insane, so that her remarks were not heeded.

Lord Crumwell was intriguing for a marriage between Thomas Seymour and the widow of Richmond, but the lady protested against the match. "Marry again!" exclaimed the beautiful young widow. "No, my love lies dead in Thetford Priory. My darling young husband's memory shall be honoured by me to the last hour of my life." Her brother Surrey remonstrated with her ; but to no avail. Mary was deaf to him, as she had been to others. A second love appeared to her "unlawful and unholy". "Forget my dear little husband? no, never," were her words to Lord Crum-

well. The Duchess of Richmond suddenly disappeared for some weeks, and was then discovered in the neighbourhood of her husband's grave, which she visited morning and evening.

Burnet and the Puritan writers describe the Duke of Richmond as "very amiable, pious, and learned. He was also a staunch friend to the Reformation." The Throckmorton MSS. and other documents place Harry Fitzroy in a very different light. It is absurd for party writers to present this self-willed vain boy to posterity as the champion of any religious institution. Harry Fitzroy felt more interest in field sports, or a game of tennis, than in any intellectual exercise, polemical or literary. Of rival theologies he knew nothing—and if the popular paradox may be pardoned—cared less.

Many years had passed away since the mother of Harry Fitzroy had captivated King Henry by her exquisite voice and elegant style of dancing. Sir John Seymour describes Elizabeth Blount as "one of the most beautiful girls in the realm, when she first appeared at Queen Katharine's Court as one of the maids of honour". In the "Book of Court Payments" for 1513 occurs for one year's wages to Elizabeth Blount the sum of "one hundred shillings". Henry had recourse to the vilest stratagems to decoy this gifted and beautiful woman. Her knightly suitor, Anthony Penrose, suddenly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Elizabeth Blount was subsequently married by the King's "command" to one of his own profligate attendants. Thornton relates that "for many years before her death she gave up her whole time in doing good for the poor and succouring the unfortunate". She outlived King Henry's six wives.

Miss Strickland considers Surrey's love "for Elizabeth Fitzgerald to have been of the Petrarchian character, and that the lady believed his addresses to be merely the graceful compliments of a poet". Yet, see how fancy is confronted by facts. At sixteen years old the Fayre Geraldine, whom some of her

contemporaries have described as the "most lovely and fascinating lady in England," was married to Sir Anthony Browne, a lively and romantic bachelor of *sixty-one*. At twenty it is stated she became a widow, and next entered the service of the Princess Mary. Her second husband was Lord Clinton, who valiantly defended Queen Mary during Wyatt's rebellion. At this period, and to her death, Lady Clinton was the constant friend of Queen Elizabeth. It has been further contended—though I cannot trace any authority for it—that Lady Clinton was *married four times*. The heroine of so many love stories died in 1589, then in a ripe old age.* She was very much beloved by the old families of rank. Her cousin, De Clifford, affirms that she "possessed an immense fund of romantic anecdotes". It is stated that a few days before her death Queen Elizabeth visited her, and an affecting "leave-taking took place". So writes Lady Sydney.

Strange events were wont to pass quickly in those times. The Duke of Norfolk, sagacious, politic, and deeply versed in all the secrets and the arts of Courts, saw in a coalition with the Seymours the only expedient for averting the ruin of his princely family. Surrey's scorn of the new nobility of the House of Seymour, and his animosity against the persons of its chiefs were not to be overcome by any plea of expediency, or menace of danger. He could not forget that it was at the instance of the Earl of Hertford that he, with some other nobles and gentlemen, "had suffered the disgrace of imprisonment for eating meat in Lent". That when a trifling defeat which he had sustained near Boulogne had caused him to be removed from the government of that town, it was the Earl of Hertford who ultimately profited by his misfortunes in succeeding to the command of the army. Other causes of offence also obtained with Surrey against him ; and choosing rather to fall than cling

* The Fayre Geraldine, on whom so many romantic novels have been written, at home and abroad, was buried in Lincoln Chapel, at Windsor.

for support to an enemy at once despised and hated, Surrey braved the anger of his father by an absolute refusal to lend himself to such an alliance. Of this circumstance his enemies availed themselves to instil into the mind of the king a suspicion that Lord Surrey aspired to the hand of the Princess Mary. Surrey's wife was alive at this period, so the accusation had no foundation. They also commented with industrious malice on his bearing the arms of Edward the Confessor,* to which he was clearly entitled in right of his mother, who was the daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham ; but which his more cautious father had ceased to quarter after the attainder of that unfortunate nobleman. The excited mind of Henry in his latter days gave ready encouragement to every person who wished to destroy life under the pretext of punishing treason. The ruin of Surrey was planned by a combination of men and women who had a personal hatred of one another. So the poet's doom was arranged before the trial was demanded by the Crown. Thorndale states that Surrey was tried before a petty jury at Guildhall, and after a long investigation of the charges against him, in the Star Chamber style of procedure, was declared guilty of high treason. He made an eloquent and most impressive defence recurring to the services his family had rendered to the king and realm—at home and abroad. The narrator adds :—"All the loyal spectators who were inside the justice-room, there and then fell weeping from their devotion to God's truth ; and they prayed in a loud voice to the Almighty to save and have mercy on the soul of Lord Surrey". A summary of Surrey's trial is in the *Baja de Secretis* ; also in the MS. State Papers (Domestic) of 1543, are to be seen several of the "early charges" which had been preferred against the noble poet. In Nott's *Life of Surrey*

* Miss Strickland remarks that Lord Surrey was put to death for a supposed difference *in the painting of the tail of the lion in his crest.*

the extraordinary indictment on which the trial was founded is printed.

Surrey was beheaded at the Tower Hill, on Thursday, the 19th of January, 1547 — just nine days before the cruel monarch was himself summoned before the bar of Eternal Justice. The body of the Earl of Surrey was first buried in the Church of Barking, where it remained till the reign of James I., when the bones of the poet were removed by one of his kindred to Suffolk, where a tomb was erected to his memory, to which the lovers of Petrarchian literature were the pilgrims for many years.

The Earl of Surrey ascended the scaffold in the forenoon of what promised to be a distinguished life. All the thought of England, not to mention its sympathy, concentrated around the block placed for the noble victim by the order of a cruel tyrant. No wonder History has only preserved the best traits in the character of Surrey. His life was a mixture of the romantic and the beautiful, and the evil in his brief career was so much overbalanced by the better element, that the name of Surrey presents itself to posterity like a kaleidoscope in which we wish the brightest colours always to prevail. Terrible times were those when duchesses and other titled dames of historic lineage appeared as voluntary witnesses against their husbands and their brothers; when the wife sustained the Crown prosecutor, and the mistress confronted her for the defence; when men and women of high social standing were to be found secretly abetting the Star Chamber prosecutors of their nearest and dearest kindred. The picture is almost appalling—almost incredible. Family pride, human sympathy, that generosity of feeling which once characterised the English heart—the higher sentiments of equity and charity, all seemed to have been buried in the abyss of annihilation. Truly those were not the days described by the poet-philosopher, “when Heaven smiled upon conscience”.



FATE OF THOMAS, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

A contemporary describes the Duke of Norfolk about the period of Catharine Howard's marriage with King Henry, as tall of stature, with a military air, and his expression haughty if not severe; his hair slightly grey, and cut close to the head. His doublet and hose were of scarlet velvet of the most costly description; his surcoat of the same material, but of a darker hue. His buskins were likewise of velvet, crossed by bands and adorned with jewels. He wore a two-handed sword, and a poniard in a gilt sheath dangled at his right hip. From Henry VIII. he received the Order of the Garter, and Francis I. presented him with the collar of St. Michael. Another writer represents Norfolk as a small man. At no time was magnificence of attire carried to such a pitch as during the first twenty years of the reign of Henry VIII. Large gold chains and girdles decked with gems, were worn by the courtiers who waited on the King at Greenwich or Hampton Court. Even the pages and other attendants were dressed in rich costume, which frequently attracted the notice of the burghers, and the "lads and lasses of the people's circle". In 1540-1 the Howards of the House of Norfolk, were again in the ascendant, for the lovely black eyes and the luxuriant black hair of Catharine Howard, the duke's niece had acted like a fairy's wand upon the monarch's heart for a while, and then came the tragic end of the love scenes.

In Queen Mary's reign the Duke of Norfolk's career was

brief, but effective. In the eighty-second year of his age, laying aside the warrior, the courtier, the statesman, and the proud baronial lord, Thomas Duke of Norfolk retired to the quiet shades of Framlingham Castle, where he spent the close of an eventful life in acts of devotion and charity, and died in peace with the world. The character of Norfolk was full of contrast. His ancient lineage placed him above all the nobles of the land ; bearing descent from Charlemagne down to the Plantagenets—brave as the heroes of antiquity, munificent and princely in social life ; haughty to his rivals, and condescending to his inferiors, he was widely popular with a nation who were proud of the fearlessness of its public men, whilst winning the envy of the nobles and the hatred of an ungrateful king.

The Duke of Norfolk was father to the Poet Surrey, and escaped the scaffold by what Queen Elizabeth might style an "accident". Here is the incident. The last day of Henry Tudor's existence had now passed, and the night of dying agony with all its horrors commenced. It was a condition of suffering that it is not easy to describe. Had human pride vanished ? Had mercy returned to the royal breast ? was the King at peace with all the world ? No : far from it. Another act of vengeance was to be quickly consummated. For a year before the monarch's death, the warrants for execution in cases of alleged treason were signed by a Royal Commission. But, in that of the Duke of Norfolk, who had faithfully served the crown during his lifetime, King Henry expressed his *pleasure and resolve to sign the warrant with his own hand*. Dean Hook justly remarks, that nothing more terrible than this scene can be imagined—

At ten of the clock the cold sweat of death covered the face of the prostrated patient who was making a faint effort to sign the fatal warrant.

Sir Edward Denny, who was present, states that "no dis-

tance of time could make him forget that awful scene". "And again, the spectators looked at one another, and prudently remained silent." The King "commanded" that the Duke of Norfolk should be executed at six in the morning, but being informed that there would be little or no light at that hour in January, he again "commanded" that *when* Norfolk's *head was off* to bring him word. The action, and the brief speech which followed, manifested the mastery of a ruthless spirit, and evinced the domination of a final impenitence. In the very arms of death he would destroy the living; on the threshold of the grave, he would turn from the presence of his God to make one more sacrifice to the Enemy of Mankind. Yet, even that thirst for the blood of an illustrious subject, whose age he had left nearly childless, might not have been the worst, if it had not been the last of the crimes of this unforgiving prince. In four hours from the scene above described, the "death agony" set in with dreadful violence. The mutterings of the distant thunder drew near; the shadow of death was casting a deep and solemn gloom upon the royal chamber, and the "earthly responsibilities" of the monarch were trembling in the balance. The end *now* came. The final contest was brief, and in a pulse's throb, the spirit of the long-dreaded King Henry was wafted to the presence of that Omnipotent Tribunal, where so many of his iniquitous judgments had been so truly recorded. A death-bed has been described as the altar of forgiveness, where charity and tears commingle as the spirit of prayer communes. These attributes were absent from the dying couch of Henry Tudor, whose last despairing words, chronicled by his faithful domestic,* "All is lost," express an awful consciousness of the retribution due to a wicked and truculent career.

* Edward Denny was terror-stricken. "The words were uttered like the howl of a devil."

The Council did not desire to commence the reign of the "Boy King Edward," with the shedding of blood ; so Norfolk remained a prisoner in the Tower till the accession of Queen Mary, when he was restored to his former position.

In order that the reader may form a more perfect idea of King Henry, when in the vigour of body and mind, I here print an accurate account of the manner in which the "Defender of the Faith" was occupied on the day of Anna Boleyn's judicial murder.

Not far away from the death-scene a group of courtiers was stationed waiting for the unfortunate Queen's last moments. Under a greenwood tree, rising on a high level, overlooking the river Thames, and within ear-shot of the Tower guns, a few courtiers dressed in sporting costume were enjoying dinner. Horses ready for the chase were picketed about, and dogs were held by men in uniforms of green and white. The merriest of that merry group was *King Henry himself*. The monarch knew the time at which the sword of the foreign executioner would set him free, for he had fixed that hour when arranging the "order of the day". As the time approached, King Henry listened with apparent anxiety for the boom of guns, and when the signal struck his ear, he rose and shouted gaily, "Ah, it is done ; it is done ; uncouple the hounds ; let us follow the sport". Henry was dressed in white on this occasion. Cobham, a courtier of the time, assured Lady Lee that Richard Crumwell, the convivial companion of royalty, "mine own Dick," as the King called him—wrote a letter to his brother, stating that his royal master "danced and was right merrie when he heard the signal shot from the Tower".

About dusk on the memorable Friday, the 19th day of May, 1536, King Henry VIII., of "blessed memory," reached Wolf Hall, where the bride-elect, the "discreet and amiable Jane Seymour," and a numerous company of courtiers, received their Sovereign. What a meeting ! On the following morning

—not twenty-four hours as stated—but *twenty hours after his wife's murder*, the “royal ruffian,” as the Protestant Miss Strickland rightly styles him, married Jane Seymour. Let the reader draw his own conclusions as to the personal merits of this gentle reformer of Christianity.

A few words as to an incident which occurred when Henry was styled “the Boy-King”. In 1517, the London apprentices became very riotous, breaking open prisons and fraternising with murderers and outlaws. Thirteen of the malcontents were executed, and several others were brought before the King by the hangman, with ropes about their necks, and they fell on their knees, crying out for mercy. At that early period of his life Henry VIII. was not deaf to the supplications for mercy. So the offenders against the law received a gentle reproof from the young monarch, who untied the ropes, saying, “go thy ways and sin no more”. Who could then dream of the terrible future? *

* Stowe's *Chronicle* ; Holingshed.





ENGLAND DESCRIBED BY A VENETIAN ENVOY.

IN Loranzo's despatches from London to the Doge of Venice, many interesting subjects are sketched with brevity and cynical accuracy. This far-seeing diplomatist describes the "nobility, knights, and squires, as courteous and kindly to strangers; whilst the people of trade pursuits behave with rudeness and arrogance to foreigners. They seem," he says, "to think that the profits derived by the foreign merchants from their country is so much taken from them, and they imagine that they can live without foreign intercourse. They do not extend that sympathy to one another which characterises their neighbours beyond the bordering States. They are sometimes suspicious; but, nevertheless, they have good parts."

* * * * *

"The nobles, with the exception of those who are in the monarch's employment about the Court, do not generally reside in the cities, but in their country mansions, immense houses bearing the names of castles, where they employ a vast number of servants; the consumption of beef, mutton, pork, and fowl, at those baronial halls, as they are sometimes called, is very large. Wines, beer, and ale are in profusion. . . . The nobles and squires occupy themselves with hunting of every description, and whatever else can amuse or divert them; so that they seem wholly intent on leading a joyous

existence, the women being no less sociable than the men. It is customary in London for the women *allowable*, to go without any regard, either alone or accompanied by their husbands or brothers, to houses of public entertainment, and to partake of dinner or supper wherever they please." *

The observant Venetian describes London and York as the two great centres for English commerce. "London," he remarks, "is the most noble, both on account of its being the residence of Royalty, and because the River Thames runs through it, very much to the convenience and profit of the inhabitants, as it ebbs and flows every six hours like the sea, seldom causing inundation or any extraordinary floods, and up to London Bridge it is navigable for ships of 400 butts burden, of which a great number arrive from foreign countries with merchandise. London Bridge connects the ancient City with the Borough. The bridge is built on solid stone, with twenty arches, and a number of shops, curiously arranged, are to be seen on both sides of the said bridge."

The narrator continues:—"On the banks of the river are many large palaces, making a very fine show. The city, however, is much disfigured by the ruins of a multitude of churches and monasteries, which, but a few years ago, were inhabited by friars and nuns. . . . Many privileges have been conceded

* Loranzo is greatly mistaken with regard to respectable women, of any class, frequenting taverns, or public dining rooms. It was the custom—perhaps for centuries—for country folks of the substantial middle class to visit "London town every summer for a week or more". On those occasions the wives and daughters were lodged at the various inns, where excellent dinners were supplied. The women amused themselves with various little games, of which we know nothing now. The story-tellers, however, frequented the inns, and added to the amusements prepared for travellers. The men generally repaired to the cock-pit, or the bear-baiting. The women of England, like those of Scotland, ruled the domestic circles, and, judged by their many good qualities, they deserved the confidence reposed in them.

by the Crown to the London merchants, who are eminent for their commercial enterprise and honourable dealings."

Loranzo draws a gloomy picture of the commercial depression of England at the period of King Edward's death. "The treasury was almost destitute of specie; the taxes of the preceding reign were enormous. Peculation was practised by the higher officials; whilst the subordinate class did not receive the half of their scant pay; and were consequently heavily in debt." The "financial legacy" left by King Edward's Council to their successors put Dr. Gardyner's abilities as a financier to the test. Edward's reign was one of wide-spread calamity to the whole nation.*

In another despatch to the Doge of Venice, Loranzo writes:—

"The English do not much delight in either military pursuits or literature. The nobility, and gentlemen of minor ranks, have no taste for books, so they give little patronage to men who produce works on history or other learned subjects. The nobility, like the people, have no ambition for a military life, but when circumstances or policy bring them into war, they show immense courage and great presence of mind at the approach of danger, and seldom become moved by panic. The English soldiers require to be largely supplied with provisions (beef, bread, and beer), so it is evident that they cannot long endure much of the fatigue of a camp life."

Loranzo states that a people so eminently suited as the English were, in those times, for trade and commerce, were not adapted to warlike enterprises. The writer describes the mode of raising an army when some sudden emergency occurs:—"A light is placed on the top of a number of huge lanterns fixed on heights in all villages and towns. On the

* *State Papers of Edward VI.th's reign. Despatches of the French and Spanish Ambassadors.*

appearance of these signals, the various men (young and brave) muster, and go to the quarters where they are inspected, and if approved of, they become the king's soldiers, and the nation's defenders". . . .

Loranzo observes that "the native horses were not good for wars, and there were not many foreign horses then (1553) in England". He next criticises the arms in use, and the military bearing of the "pure-bred" English soldier :—"The weapons used by the English soldier are a spear, and not having much opportunity for providing themselves with body-armour, they wear for the most part breast-plates with shirts of mail, and a skull-cap and sword. The rest would be footmen, of which they have four classes. The first, which in number and valour, far excels the others, are the archers, in whom the sinew of their armies consists: the English being, as it were by nature, most expert bowmen, inasmuch as not only do they practise archery for their pleasure, but also to enable them to serve their king, so that they have often secured victory for the armies of England. The second class consists of infantry, who carry a bill; some of these, when disciplined, would make good soldiers. The other two classes are harquebusiers and pikemen, of which weapons they have very little experience. The English monarch at times hires German soldiers, who generally have experience in war practice."

Loranzo describes the naval force of England in Queen Mary's reign as "a goodly one".

"English sailors are plenty and excellent for the navigation of the Atlantic. There is an abundance of timber for ship-building. . . . They do not use galleys, owing to the strong tide in the ocean. There is a large quantity of good artillery kept in readiness at the Tower, where there is also deposited ammunition of every description that may be required.

"The courage of the English soldiers and sailors is beyond

all suspicion, but the various lieutenants in command are extremely inefficient."

Loranzo adds, that the "late Duke of Northumberland was the only man England possessed of naval and military capacity, and he distinguished himself in both professions".

The reader is aware that the Duke of Northumberland was a self-constituted personage, and perished on the scaffold for high treason in Queen Mary's reign. He seemed to have felt more than a common fear of death. He told the populace that he had lived viciously all the days of his life, yet he had been demanding a reformation of Christianity! Of the Reformation he says, "during the sixteen years I was forcing Protestantism on the country I never believed in it for one moment".

In those troubled times the Lord Mayor received Queen Mary at Guildhall. He was clad in complete steel armour, over which warlike costume the Mayor wore the civic robe, and was "attended by the citie aldermen similarly accoutred". It is very possible that the Venetian Envoy was present when the Queen visited Guildhall.

In writing to the Doge, the Envoy speaks of the hospitality dispensed by the Lord Mayor, and the nature of his office. "The Mayor," he says, "*keeps a most excellent table with open doors*. He spends some four thousand ducats out of his own private purse on hospitality. The Sovereign sometimes makes a knight of the Mayor, of which title the Corporation are very proud. The chief charge of the Mayor is to superintend the victualling departments; to arrange the domestic disputes amongst the minor people in trade transactions; between masters and their apprentice boys, servants, and divers others. The Mayor has the custody of the citie by day and by night, and the keys of the said citie are in the possession of the Lord Mayor for the period he is in office."

In the days of the Plantagenets distinguished foreigners left

on record their testimony as to the usefulness and hospitality of the municipal bodies of London. At a later period, the grandees who accompanied the Princess Catalina (Katharine) to England, in 1501, were loud in their praise of the hospitality they received from the Lord Mayor and his wife. The Mayors of London were always noted for their loyalty to the throne; and several of them won their "spurs" fairly, as knights, or obtained "pure nobility" by the then truest source of honour—the sword. In modern times it has been the fashion to speak scornfully of the London Corporate bodies, "who aimed at becoming rich, indulging in good feeding, and ostentatious parade". This statement is not true. It is certain that the ancestors of our present municipal guardians were valiant, loyal, humane, and profusely hospitable to friends and strangers. They were, moreover, generous patrons of learning, which the names of Whittington, De Boleyn, Peacock, Lee, Whyte, Gresham, and many others, sufficiently attest. Sir Thomas Whyte, above alluded to, endowed St. John's College, Oxford, so munificently that he may be considered as its founder. Then, all honour to our ancient municipal institutions of London. Mr. Fowler, M.P., the present (1884) Lord Mayor of London, is a scholar and a gentleman, and in every way a suitable successor to Whittington.

Loranzo attributes the "sweating sickness" to the bad sanitary condition of the towns and cities. This terrible disease generally commenced in Wales, and then traversed the whole kingdom. The mortality was immense amongst persons of every condition of life. The people died in a few hours in dreadful torture. During the first three days of this scourge in London upwards of five thousand people died. The shops were closed, and all business suspended for nearly twenty days. A universal terror seized all classes, and for a while religious sentiments were respected; the churches were better attended; friends and foes sought forgiveness, and the Divine element of

charity triumphed over the demon of sectarian malice. Volumes might have been written upon the heroic conduct of the English clergy at the various times that foreign pestilence visited the shores of England. In 1348 the "Black Death" made sad havoc throughout the land. In one small district in Norfolk, out of twenty priests sixteen fell victims to the dreadful scourge.

Notwithstanding the political and sectarian calamities of Queen Mary's reign, there was something done to extend the commerce of the country with foreign nations. Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, was employed by the Queen in arranging commercial relations with Russia, which proved to be highly satisfactory to the interests of England. The ship fitted out for this expedition was the first that ever sailed from England on a commercial speculation to Russia. Jane Dormer states that the idea of this expedition originated with the Queen herself; and that Dr. Gardynier immediately communicated with Cabot, of whom little is known to posterity, although he was an eminent and a good man. His father, who was a Frenchman, rendered service to England in the reign of Henry VII.

In the reign of Henry VIII., Cabot was quite neglected, and almost reduced to poverty. When Somerset came into office he employed him. This incident in the Protector's career redounds to his credit as a financial minister. Somerset granted Cabot a pension of £160 per annum, for "the eminent services he had rendered to English commerce in foreign countries beyond the seas".

Pomeroy states that he saw a most interesting MS. of Cabot's visit to Russia, descriptive of the condition of society in that country. Pomeroy adds:—"To my grief I state that this valuable narrative on the inner life of Russian society was destroyed by a fire in Bristol".

Cabot died in 1556. He was bountiful in aiding poor

English sailors, of whom there were a great number then in London. Queen Mary and Elizabeth both aided the poor mariners.

The commercial statistics of this period indicate what an amount of prosperity the country might have enjoyed in the absence of civil war and pestilence. The total value of the wine entered at the port of London alone, in the January of 1559, for the twelve months preceding was £64,000. The *retail* price of wine at that period was an average of 7½d. per gallon. The iron trade with Sweden, Russia, and Spain was considerable. At this time the English received their knives, buttons, pins and needles, from the Continent. Sugar and hops were largely imported into England in 1560; and one of the "Christmas novelties" comprised toys and beautiful dolls from Flanders. Queen Elizabeth delighted in making presents of toys at Christmas to children.

The last thing done in the Parliament of 1601—still under the control of the "Good Queen Bess"—was to make a collection for the poor of London, who were then in great poverty. The Queen and her household headed the list. She likewise caused six oxen and twenty sheep to be distributed amongst poor housekeepers; besides a large quantity of bread, milk, and firewood, all at her own expense. The poor people expressed their gratitude in rustic eloquence; in sobs, sighs, and prayers.





QUEEN ELIZABETH AMONGST THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARS.

IT has been oracularly remarked by one from whom the world would not have expected so much philosophic acumen, that "learning, in its best sense, is only nature at the rebound; it is only the discovery of what is; and he who looks upon nature with a penetrating eye derives learning from the source". With the art of printing, and a more peaceful disposition amongst the rulers of the people, came the revival of a more material learning, which was soon held in high esteem by princes and nobles. To speak and write pure classical Latin was regarded as a valuable and polite accomplishment, to attain which was the ambition of the highest in rank of both sexes. To aid the aspirations of these knowledge-seekers, the greatest scholars of the age—Erasmus, Linacre, Buchanan, and Ascham—spent much time in writing grammars, rudiments, colloquies, and vocabularies. Henry VIII. wrote an introduction to grammar, and Cardinal Wolsey composed a system of instruction for the school which he founded in his native town of Ipswich—a task for which he was the better qualified from having been once a trainer of youth. Erasmus went to Oxford in 1497, but he received less encouragement from the College than from lay patrons, several of whom became proficient in Greek, and imparted their learning to others.

Erasmus bestows high praise on Wolsey as a patron of letters and learned men. By his generous provisions he secured the services of the most able professors, and he formed the nuclei of some libraries which are still the glory of bibliopolists. He founded seven lectures at Oxford, and would have done much more if his Royal master had not changed his opinions of what were the duties of a learned citizen. Gardyner, Cranmer, and the eccentric Hooper had also drunk deeply of the "Pierian spring," and exhibited many proofs of sterling scholarship and advanced knowledge. In imitation of, or in concurrence with, the disquisitional tourneys of scholars upon the Continent—especially in the universities and schools of Italy and Spain—the abnormally learned monarch of England, the gifted Elizabeth, would likewise have her literary tournaments, and incite to the learned arena those torpid spirits obscured by the dust of the schools, but aroused at the trumpet voice of their Queen to manifest the lore which they had so long gathered amidst the groves of Academus. Saturday, the 5th of August, 1564, was a memorable period in the history of the University of Cambridge. On this occasion there appeared the great Greek scholar, Roger Ascham, and his illustrious pupil, the young Queen of England, to discourse upon learned and classic subjects, to the delight of professors and students. Roger Ascham considered the Queen's visit to Cambridge the proudest and the happiest period of his existence. Lord Leicester was present as Steward of the University, and Cecil as its Chancellor. Sir William Cecil communicated with those "learned men by Camside," to write a respectful letter to Leicester, entreating him to commend to her Majesty "their good intentions," and that "she might excuse their default in their endeavour to do honour unto her, and that she might be inclined to receive in good part all their efforts to entertain her". This letter of the "heads of colleges," who should be the *magistri morum*, to the Queen's favourite, manifests more worldly wisdom than sense of self-

respect in those "grave and reverend seigniors". Everything was carried on at this visit in consonance with the characters of all concerned. Cecil went to Cambridge the day before the Queen's arrival, to see all matters arranged, and lay down the programme. In compliance with an old custom, Cecil received an offering of "two pair of gloves, two sugar loaves," and other things. Leicester and the Duke of Norfolk received special gifts; and the Queen's presentation merely varied in gloves of fine texture and confectionery, all fashioned with more elaborate and exquisite taste and design.

The Queen was dressed on the first day in a gown of black velvet pinked; a caul upon her head, set with pearls and precious stones; a straw-hat spangled with gold, and a profusion of flowers. Some twenty ladies of rank and learning accompanied the Queen. Amongst those ladies was the Queen's faithful friend, Blanche Parry, one of the most learned women of Elizabeth's reign.

It must have been trying to the Queen's facial muscles to keep countenance at the door of King's College, when the Chancellor, in an attitude alternating between "all fours" and kneeling, commenced the delivery of an oration lasting half-an-hour.* "First," says Nicholas, in his "Progress," "he praised and commended the many singular virtues planted and set in her Majesty, which her Highness, not acknowledging of, shook her head, bit her lips and her fingers, sometimes broke forth into passion, and these words:—*Non est veritas, et utinam esset* ('This is not the truth; would that it were!')." The Queen had the honesty not to use the aspiration when the orator dwelt on the praise of virginity, and merely exclaimed, "God's blessing

* A few days before the "learned gathering," Cecil hurted his leg, and had to walk by aid of a crutch with a halting step, upon which the Queen remarked: "I hope my Treasurer will never *halt* in doing justice to my subjects". The records of the times furnish a melancholy answer to the queen's remark.

of thy heart—there continue.” The orator, however, pursued that theme no longer, and launched into expressions depicting the joy and honour felt by the University at the advent of their illustrious visitor.

The Queen answered the Chancellor that she would reply in Latin but from fear of false quantities, and consequent ridicule—a fear of which, if her humility were even real, she needed not to make much account amongst the obsequious scholiasts. This was Saturday, and the next day (Sunday), after a Latin sermon in the morning, at seven of the clock, the church was transformed into a theatre for “evening service,” when the Queen was treated to the performance of the “Aulularia” by Plautus. Anyone who has read the original of this prurient play will acknowledge that a Christian church and a Virgin Queen are accessories not calculated on by the modern idea of the fitness of things.

The fifth day of this celebrated visit was the most remarkable, for on that day the Queen went to all the colleges in rotation, and at each received a Latin oration, a present of gloves, and the *aliquid dulce* of “confectioneries,” which seemed to intimate that even the eloquence of Cambridge lacked some dulcifying qualification. On this, the last day, the Queen excelled her bygoness in bashful consciousness of learning. She blushed like a young virgin, “as she was,” when informed that English could not be spoken openly to the University, and “fluttered like a rose leaf” as the kneeling Dudley (her own “Sweet Robin”) and the Duke of Norfolk besought her to say something to the University—“and in Latin”. The Bishop of Ely (the “wondrous Coxe”), also kneeling, said: “Three words were enough,” but the Queen did not think so, and accordingly delivered a speech, the facile flow of which proved how well it deserved the claim she made of its being “unstudied”. Some writers state that this speech was the production of Cecil. Why so? The Queen was well able to write it, and if she pre-

sented it for examination to Cecil, she merely did what any large-hearted scholar would do with another—that other being the most devoted servant, for evil or for good, that perhaps any monarch ever possessed.

The following passage in this speech is well worth translation :—

“I saw this morning your sumptuous edifices, founded by illustrious princes, my predecessors, for the benefit of learning; but whilst I viewed them my mind was affected with sorrow, and I sighed like Alexander the Great, when, having perused the records of the deeds of other princes, turning to his friends and councillors, he lamented that anyone should have preceded him either in time or in actions. When I beheld your edifices, I grieved that I had done nothing in this kind; yet did the vulgar proverb somewhat lessen, though it could not entirely remove, my concern, that ‘Rome was not built in a day’. For my age is not yet so far advanced, neither is it yet so long since I began to reign, but that before I pay my debt to nature—unless Atropos should prematurely cut my thread—I may still be able to execute some distinguished undertaking; and never will I be diverted from the intention while life shall animate this frame. Should it, however, happen—as it may, I know not how soon—that I should be overtaken by death before I have been able to perform this my promise, I will not fail to leave some great work to be executed after my decease, by which my memory may be rendered famous, others excited by my example, and all of you animated by greater ardour in your studies.”

Pity that such grand promises ushered in performances so scant. No result can be found, save an annuity of twenty pounds per annum bestowed, with the title of “her scholar,” on a young gentleman named Preston, whose graceful performance in the Latin play of “Dido,” aided by his personal beauty, caught the fancy of England’s Virgin Queen. Camisians have

felt chagrin at the Queen's parsimonious remissness, but was not their College splendidly endowed? And did not the Royal visitations, so exhaustive elsewhere, benefit them marvellously by confining themselves to this single famous occasion?

Amongst the many things stated by the Public Orator to the Queen was an assurance that Cambridge University was much older than Oxford, or even Paris, for those seats of learning derived their inspiration from Cambridge, which was like a mountain spring supplying pure water to distant streams. The antiquity of Cambridge as a school of learning is spoken of by several Spanish professors of the fifteenth century.

If Elizabeth did not raise any great memorial to learning, she cannot be denied the honour of her far-known Grammar Schools, and if Jesus College, Oxford, and Trinity University, in Dublin, do not satisfy the exigent requirements of those who guard so jealously the reputation, in this respect, of our hitherto greatest female Sovereign, it was because the pressing complications of State, unceasing call upon her revenues, a narrow exchequer, unwilling replenishment thereof consequent on public poverty, and, not least of all, the absence of even one soul amongst her ministers, concurred to make Elizabeth forget to raise, to the learning which she loved, a monument to its promotion and to her own renown.

The Puritans were the great enemies of learning. At Oxford those Vandals seized upon an enormous number of books and MSS. In fact, the shelves and benches were sold in 1556 as old lumber.* In the reign of Charles the First, a large portion of the priceless MSS. library of Archbishop Ussher was destroyed by a party of English Puritans.

One day, in conversing with Calignon, afterwards Chancellor of Navarre, Elizabeth showed him a Latin translation of some of Sophocles' tragedies, and two of Demosthenes' orations,

* Maccay's *Annals of the Bodleian Library*, p. 12.

which she had made herself. The Queen likewise permitted him to take a copy of a Greek epigram of her own composing, and asked his opinion in regard to a few passages of Lycophron, which she had in her hand, in order to translate them. All the noted scholars of Europe who had the privilege of conversing with Elizabeth, were struck with admiration for her immense learning, and her knowledge of ancient history. I may further remark, that no lady of her time was so thoroughly informed with regard to domestic life, and the various occupations of the people, than Queen Elizabeth. Her charity was on a liberal scale, delicately concealed from the outer world, and her sympathies were largely extended to the children of the poor. I shall have occasion to refer to this subject again.





“GOLDEN ELIZA” AND HER PEOPLE.

IF a black and terrible indictment can be proved against Queen Elizabeth, much can likewise be said in her favour, and, to which I willingly give a place in these pages, remembering the text of her contemporary bard—“Nothing extenuate, nor aught in malice set down”.

The Queen did much to create local trade and amusement for her people in the vicinity of London; she caused a “banqueting house” to be erected in Greenwich Park, which brought people of opposite opinions to meet in the social circle. The building was made with fir poles, and decked with birch branches and all manner of flowers, both of the field and the garden, as roses, sun-flowers, lavender, marigold, and all manner of stewing herbs and rushes. Tents were also set up for the royal household, whose domestic comforts the Queen had liberally provided for.

The Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, the boast and ornament of the Court of Elizabeth, was probably the most elegant assembly of gentlemen in Europe. It was entirely composed of the flower of the nobility and gentry.

Sir Christopher Hatton, the Queen’s “dancing favourite,”*

* I refer the reader to volume iv., p. 174, of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, for some interesting particulars concerning the Queen and her handsome favourite. The love-story of “Golden Eliza,” and her concealed lover, is still a mystery.

was admitted a member of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners when only twenty-one years of age. His elegant personal appearance left him for many years without a rival.

The lower classes, in the days of Elizabeth, thought the Queen had the power of a magician, or some wonderful fairy, to comply with their requests. She assured a group of women on one occasion, "that she had little to bestow, save good advice, which was freely given to all who sought it". Elizabeth conversed in a homely manner with the labourers and farmers about Windsor. She was likewise particular in ascertaining how those rustics treated their wives.

During her journeys through the country, the Queen took with her own hand, and read the petitions of the humblest persons, who seem to have had much confidence in her advice. She frequently told them that she would *herself* inquire into the nature of their complaints. There was one particular feature which marked those interviews between the monarch and her subjects. The Queen was never seen angry with the most unreasonable requests, or the uncourtly mode of approaching her. The traditions of the times represent the endearing manner in which Elizabeth spoke to the rustic children whom she met along the roads. The young women always received motherly advice from her. Sir William Cecil was far from approving of the "interviews" granted by the Queen to her humble subjects. It is probable that the title of "Good Queen Bess," had its real origin in the early traditions coming from the rural classes, who were so delighted with the Queen's "free and easy" mode of speaking to them concerning their social affairs.*

The plague which visited London in 1563, carried off some twelve hundred people weekly. The scourge lasted for several months; and during this period the Queen exhausted her

* Burke's *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. iii.

private purse in relieving the wants of the numerous widows and orphans, with whom she heartily sympathised in their bereavement and destitution.

In one of her early summer tours through England, Elizabeth visited Northamptonshire. This incident might furnish material for the Poet, the Painter, or the Minstrel. The Queen had a desire to see the ancient Castle of Fotheringay, so long associated with royalty in misfortune. Little did Elizabeth then think upon the future of this gloomy and ill-fated fortress, that subsequently linked her own name with one of the darkest and most heartless judicial murders on record. Fotheringay was erected by a remote ancestor of Elizabeth's father—namely, Edmund of Langley, son of King Edward III., and founder of the House of York. By the direction of this warlike baron, the keep was built in the likeness of a fetterlock, the well-known cognisance of that ancient family. In the windows the same symbol, with its attendant falcon, was repeatedly and conspicuously emblazoned. From Edmund of Langley it descended to his son, Edward, Duke of York, who was slain at the battle of Agincourt. The castle next descended to his nephew, son of the decapitated Earl of Cambridge—to that Richard who fell at Wakefield in the attempt to assert the title to the crown, which the victorious arms of his son, Edward IV. subsequently won. Richard III., and several other noted men were either born in Fotheringay Castle or had lived there at various times.

In a collegiate church, adjoining Fotheringay, were deposited the remains of Edward and Richard, Dukes of York, and of the once beautiful Cicely, wife of the latter, who survived to behold so many bloody deeds of which her children were the perpetrators or the victims.

Queen Elizabeth having visited the castle, full of emotion and apparent reflection, next appeared at the tombs of those relentless warriors who fell during the contests between the White

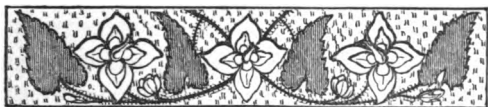
and the Red Rose. Elizabeth cried heartily on beholding the ruins of those once magnificent memorials, raised with affection and chivalry by the living to the memory of the dead. The Queen was accompanied on this occasion by Sir William Cecil and several antiquarians. The college and lands to which those tombs were somewhat attached, were seized upon in the reign of King Edward VI., by Lord Warwick. Elizabeth ordered new monuments to be erected ; but her "commands" were ill-obeyed.* A complaint she might have often made during her reign.

It is alleged that James I., subsequently "levelled Fotheringay Castle to the earth, leaving not one stone upon another of the prison-house where his mother was beheaded". This is a mistake, if not a deliberate falsehood. King James received rent for this "royal manor," from one of the Fitzwilliam family. In fact the King visited the castle, and was entertained there for several days. He also made minute inquiry as to the apartments occupied by his mother and the heroic Jane Kennedy. The castle was afterwards taken down to procure building-material for another residence, but not at the suggestion of King James.

Such was the end of Fotheringay Castle. It has been truly remarked—"Time consecrates, or embitters memories".

* In after years no courtier dared to mention the name of Fotheringay to Elizabeth. Sir John Harrington relates that in old age the Queen once shuddered at the mention of the name of Fotheringay. This anecdote came from the high authority of Lady Southwell, the "last attendant" upon Elizabeth.





“ENGLISH SQUIRES, KNIGHTS, AND NOBLES OF THE OLDEN TYME.”

GEORGE DE CLIFFORD, third Earl of Cumberland, was one of the remarkable characters of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

His family were also of a notable class. The race of De Clifford takes its origin from William Duke of Normandy; in a later age its blood was mingled with that of the Plantagenets, by the marriage of the seventh Lord de Clifford with a daughter of the celebrated Hotspur. Notwithstanding this alliance with the House of York, two successive Lords de Clifford were slain in the civil wars fighting under the Lancastrian banner. It was to the younger of these, whose sanguinary disposition gained him the surname of the “Butcher,” that the barbarous murder of the young Earl of Rutland was generally imputed. A well-founded dread of the vengeance of the Yorkists caused his widow to conceal his son and heir under the lowly disguise of a shepherd-boy, in which condition he grew up among the fells of Westmoreland, totally illiterate, and probably unaware of his origin. At the end of five-and-twenty years, the restoration of the line of Lancaster, in the person of Henry VII., restored to Lord de Clifford the name, rank,

and large possessions of his ancestors ; but the peasant noble preferred through life that rustic obscurity in which his character had been formed and his habits fixed, to the splendour of a Court or the intrigues of politicians.

Upon the approach of the battle of Flodden Field, De Clifford came forward at the head of five hundred of his tenantry, "well-mounted, brave, and enthusiastic in the cause of England and its King".

The "peasant lord" fought bravely at Flodden, for which he received the thanks of his Sovereign. King Henry was the idol of his English subjects at this period, and for many years later. The son of the "peasant earl" was very different from his father, who was deservedly beloved by his tenants and neighbours for the many good qualities he possessed.

This nobleman attracted the attention of Henry VIII., who created him Earl of Cumberland, and made for his heir an alliance with the King's niece, Eleanor Brandon, the daughter of Mary Tudor by the Duke of Suffolk.* This latter union brought ruinous expenses upon Lord Cumberland. By a second marriage Cumberland became the father of George de Clifford, who subsequently appeared as a noted personage in Elizabeth's reign. The death of his parent, whilst the heir was yet a child, brought George Clifford under the wardship of Queen Elizabeth ; and by her command he was sent to pursue his studies at Peterhouse, Cambridge, under Dr. Whitgift, where he was educated as a Protestant, contrary to the special command of his father's "last testament" ; but Elizabeth had little scruple in violating the injunctions of the dying, especially in reference to religion and property. Under Whitgift,

* Lord Cumberland had one daughter by Lady Eleanor Brandon, who subsequently married the Earl of Derby. In the fourth volume of the "*Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*," the reader will find chronicled the fate of this unfortunate lady.

young Cumberland continued for some time. He applied himself to mathematics, a study most attractive to the bent of his genius. He also showed some talent for nautical pursuits. In a few years he "entered upon the road to fashionable life," which, in the reign of Elizabeth, was one of profuse expenditure, dissipation, and license. His fortune was rapidly reduced ; but his ardour for adventure suggested many schemes for bettering his condition. With "secret aid from the Queen, or some one who hated the Spaniards," in 1586 he fitted out three ships to cruise in the Spanish waters and plunder the settlements of Spain. In these adventures the titled buccaneer realised much treasure, which was as quickly squandered on his return to England as it had been recklessly obtained. At this period the plundering of Spanish ships at sea was "regarded with high favour in England, and especially by the Queen herself".* Lord Cumberland's expeditions became a scourge to Spain, and excited, in return, a decided animosity. In reward for those felonious services, the Queen granted him her royal commission to "pursue a voyage to the Southern Seas". Elizabeth also placed one of her own armed vessels at his disposal ; and encouraged in this he commenced a career which the dispassionate reader must admit reflected dishonour and shame upon his patroness. Having, with resources thus obtained, retired from the perilous expeditions on the high seas, Cumberland appeared in the smoother element of the Queen's Court. In the games of chivalry he bore off the prizes of courage and dexterity from the younger peers and courtiers ; the fantastic band of knight-tilters boasted of him as one of their brightest ornaments ; and Elizabeth condescended to "encourage his devotedness to her glory by an envied pledge of royal favour". As handsome Cumberland knelt before her highness, she dropped her glove, perhaps not undesignedly ;

* Aikin's *Court of Elizabeth*, Vol. II., p. 216

and, on his picking it up, she graciously desired him to keep it. He caused the trophy to be encircled with diamonds, and ever after, at all tilts and tourneys bore it conspicuously placed in front of his high-crowned hat. He boasted frequently of the number of dames who desired an alliance with him; yet many of the noted and beautiful young ladies of the period rejected his addresses with scorn and contempt. His profligate life was well known in London.

At the time of the Spanish Armada (1588) Lord Cumberland laid aside his knight-errantry for serious warfare. He joined the fleet appointed to hang upon the motions of the Spanish Armada, and harass it in its progress up the Channel; and on several occasions, especially in the last action, off Calais, he signalised himself by the most daring bravery. If however, he had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, no interest or remonstrance would have saved his life, for he had proved himself to be the most relentless pirate of the age—burning defenceless towns, and destroying all property, however valuable, when unable to carry it off. His ambition for glory as a combatant seems in him to have been subordinate to the love of gain and the desire for plunder, to which his profligate and extravagant habits had given the engrossing force of a passion. Cumberland married the daughter of the Earl of Bedford, a lady described as of “strict propriety, benevolent, and pious”—according to the morality of the times. As a husband, Cumberland proved unfaithful, and even cruel to his wife, who subsequently died in poverty. Early in life Lord Cumberland sought an alliance with the beautiful daughter of Sir William Holles, of Haughton, in Nottinghamshire; but the good old knight indignantly refused consent to his daughter’s marriage with a man whom he justly abhorred. For many years longer Queen Elizabeth continued to shower favours upon this unworthy man, which gave rise to much Court scandal.

I cannot pass over the name of Holles, which was so long

associated with memories of all the better traits of the English character in high places. Sir William Holles was distinguished beyond any other Commoner, or perhaps any Peer in the realm, for boundless hospitality and the judicious mode in which he dispensed it. The ambassadors and other foreigners of distinction have been loud in praise of the generous table of the great Nottinghamshire knight. The historian of the family writes:—"This most kind-hearted English gentleman began Christmas entertainments at Allhallowtide, and continued it until Candlemas. During this time any honest worthy man was permitted to stay three days, and enjoy prime 'belly cheer,' without being asked whence he came, or what he was like unto." The neighbouring squires, when pinched by debt, or having but small means, were sure of plenty of "belly cheer," and "good favour specially extended to them, because they were suffering from the frowns of the world". For each of the twelve days of Christmas Sir William Holles ordered a fat ox, two sheep, one hundred fowl, and a very large quantity of other provisions. The wines, spirits, ale, and porter were also dispensed "with a hand that knew no stint," the maxim of the munificent host being that "good belly cheer deserved good drinking".

Sir William Holles never dined till some minutes after one of the clock—a late dinner hour in those times. Being asked by a guest why he preferred so late an hour, he replied that, "perhaps, for aught he knew, there might be a friend come twenty miles to dine with him, and he would feel a double pleasure at meeting him at the dinner table, where all looked so merry, and happy, when the goblet went round".

Some old English squires were notable story-tellers, and Sir William Holles stood in the front rank of that genial and amusing class. At the coronation of Edward VI., Sir William Holles appeared with fifty followers, in blue coats and badges; the dress for "domestic attendants" of the House of Holles

at that period. He never went to the sessions at Metford, though only four miles from his castle, without an escort of nearly forty men on horseback, accompanied by trumpeters. What was then very rare amongst the English nobles, or knights, he kept a respectable company of actors of his own, to perform plays and masques, at festival times. The ancient May-day sports and ceremonies were also regularly carried out, as they might have been in the days of Henry III., who delighted in rustic amusements for the people, and desired to add to their comforts. This "grand old English knight" died at the age of ninety-two, in the year 1590. For more than a century and a half, the traditions of Nottinghamshire were full of interesting anecdotes of "Sir William, the squire of all squires at hunting and jollification". The country folks raised their hats at the mention of his name.

I will place a few more particulars before the reader, of the descendants of Sir William Holles, on account of the strong light which they reflect on the manners and customs of the Elizabethan era. The visitors at the Castle, and its surroundings, were supplied with a variety of amusements. Sir William Holles also built a theatre, and kept a company of "merry men," who were supported at the Castle, and liberally paid for their services. In summer those "funny folks" travelled through the country, and were well received by all conditions of people, who escorted them into town. Sir William Holles was sincerely regretted by the lovers of field sports. In early life Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, and Raleigh, were amongst the guests at Haughton; and the fame of the family hospitality was noted for several subsequent generations. In those times, all classes and parties were remarkable for hospitality. *Hospitality*, is not, however, a virtue of party, creed, or country, but thorough good nature, and its history goes back to the most remote periods of the world.

Sir William Holles was succeeded in his estates and honours

by his grandson, John Holles, who was one of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners to Queen Elizabeth.

In the reign of James the First, Sir John Holles *purchased* from the Crown the title of Earl of Clare. Titles, like offices under the Crown, were regularly sold in those times for "various considerations".

A long and bitter feud existed between the Houses of Holles and Talbot of Shrewsbury. This ill-feeling had its origin in "a matrimonial disappointment". The first open rupture resulted in a duel between Orme, a gentleman attendant of Sir John Holles, and Mr. Pudsey, Master of the Horse to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which the latter was mortally wounded. Shrewsbury prosecuted Orme, and also sought to take away his life. In both cases he failed, and Sir John Holles conveyed his friend to Ireland, and subsequently obtained his pardon from Elizabeth.

For his conduct in thus saving his friend, Holles was challenged by another county squire, Gervase Markham, "champion and gallant" to the Countess of Shrewsbury.

Holles refused to fight on account of the demand of Markham that it should take place in a park belonging to his sworn enemy, the Earl of Shrewsbury, as he correctly suspected that treachery was meditated by the Talbots.

Anxious to remove the aspersions cast upon his valour, Holles sought an encounter which might wear the appearance of an accident. Soon after, having met Markham on the highway, they immediately dismounted, and "attacked each other with sharp swords". Markham fell, severely wounded; and the Earl of Shrewsbury lost no time in raising his tenantry and retainers to the number of two hundred men, in order to attack Holles and his followers, who quickly armed for the fray. On the other side, Lord Sheffield, the kinsman of Holles, appeared on the scene, accompanied by a considerable party of "madcaps," as duellists were styled by the Puritans of

those times. "I hear, good cousin," said Lord Sheffield, "that my Lord of Shrewsbury is prepared to trouble you; but take my word for it, that before he or his tenants lay hands on you, it will cost them many a broken head, and many a sleepless night." Markham made a vow, "on bended knees, never to eat supper, or partake of the Sacrament of the Church of England, till he was revenged"; and it is added, that he kept his vow for long years till the night of his death.*

It does not appear that Elizabeth or her Council took any steps to put down those deadly feuds amongst the jealous-minded nobles and squires, whose proceedings were described as emulating the barbarism of Sweden or Russia. Gervase Markham, after a few years, "saw the error of his way," and, upon the advice of his old schoolmaster (Ascham), he studied literature, to the astonishment of the duellists and dicers with whom he had hitherto spent his time. He became the most voluminous miscellaneous writer of the age, writing on a vast variety of subjects, both in verse and prose; but his works on husbandry appear to have been the most useful, as those on field sports were the most entertaining, to the English squires of those hilarious times. Volumes might be filled with anecdotes of the squires of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

* Collins' *Historical Collections*; Tristram Hardy's *Anecdotes of the Feuds of Old Families*.





ELIZABETH RESOLVED *NOT* TO MARRY.

JUST as the Austrian ambassador was returning from the scene, "full of indignation" at the fashion in which his royal master had been treated, the Duke of Finland arrived in London to solicit the hand of the Queen for his brother, Eric, King of Sweden.* The Duke of Finland was received with royal honours, and like the envoys of other suitors, flattered with delusive hopes. To Elizabeth he paid the most effusive attentions. He also sought to win the good-will of the Queen's favourites by his affability and presents. As he went to Court, he scattered "small bags of money amongst the needy crowds who occupied the streets, saying, he gave them silver, but the King, his royal brother, would give them gold".

"The Swede, and Charles the son of the Emperor Ferdinand," observes Bishop Jewel, "are courting at a marvellous rate. But the Swede is most in earnest, for he promises mountains of silver in case of success. The lady (Elizabeth), however, is probably thinking of an alliance nearer home."† The Duke of Finland,

* Eric was, next to Henry VIII., the greatest Church plunderer in Europe. Like Henry he confiscated the small income then in the possession of hospitals for the poor in Sweden. His immorality was revolting. In a note on Vol. VII., p. 96, of Mr. Froude's *History of England*, he describes Eric, King of Sweden, "*as the greatest ruffian among the crowned heads of Europe*".

† *Zurich Letters*, printed by the Parker Society.

on this occasion, essayed to supplant his royal brother in the Queen's affections, but Elizabeth cared little for either. Finland presented a ring worth five thousand crowns to the Queen, who at once, with great dignity, declined the gift.

On the ground of religion, the Queen and her Council could have had no objection to handsome King Eric, for he was as Protestant as they desired. But the private and public character of the man quickly dismissed his suit from all consideration by the English Queen. The Duke of Finland was recalled by his brother, who sent eighteen piebald horses and several chests of bullion, with an intimation that he would "quickly follow in person to lay *his heart at the feet of the Virgin Queen*".* Elizabeth had no objection to the presents: indeed, there are many cases on record where she accepted presents from the prisoners of her arbitrary will. But, to relieve herself from the expense and embarrassment of a visit from King Eric, she requested him, for his own sake, to postpone his journey to England till the time when she could "make up her mind to enter into married life".

So the proposed match was abandoned, and Eric married one of his own subjects—a woman of humble life, but far superior in beauty to the English Queen, who repaid his choice by the sincerity of her attachment.

I cannot pass over one romantic incident in the life of a prince whose whole career was full of adventure and ended so sadly. I refer to the case of a "beauty of humble degree," called "Kate the Nut-girl," with whom King Eric became passionately in love, from seeing her occasionally selling nuts on the public streets of Stockholm. Having found the virtue of the humble maid impregnable, a sudden change came over the spirit of the King's dream, and the licentious Eric raised the Nut-girl to the position of his Queen, in which rank she

* See Holinshed; also Nichol's *Progresses*; and Lingard, Vol. VI.

proved herself to be a model of conjugal tenderness, and with a heart full of sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate. When reverse of fortune overtook her husband, being dethroned, and subsequently murdered by his brother, the "Nut-girl" proved to be the noblest of wives. In after years Queen Elizabeth often recurred to the tragic story of King Eric and "faithful Kate," as she sometimes styled her former rival.

Jealousy of the power of Eric had induced the King of Denmark to set up a rival suitor in the person of his nephew, Adolphus, Duke of Holstein. This prince was young and handsome, and, for a brief period, pleased "Golden Eliza". On his arrival he was received with honour, and treated with marked attention. The ladies of the Court believed that the Queen was "quite in love with him". Peyto, writing to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, assures him that the young prince loved the Queen, and that she warmly returned his passion for her. Throckmorton thoroughly understood the secret feelings of his royal mistress, and he often had the courage to tell her so. Elizabeth and Holstein were constantly together for a while. She created him a Knight of the Garter, and granted him a pension for life; yet, with all her seeming love for this young prince, she could not be induced to take him for her husband. What part did Cecil take in this "love-match"? Most probably he seemed in favour of it, whilst through the agency of his female spies, he caused matters to take an opposite turn.

While Charles, Eric, and Adolphus, openly contended for the hand, or rather the crown, of Elizabeth, they were secretly opposed by a rival whose pretensions were the most formidable, as they received the united support of the secretary (Cecil) and of the secretary's wife. This rival was the Earl of Arran, whose "zeal for the glory of God had been stimulated by the hope of an earthly reward in the marriage with Queen Elizabeth". During the war of the Reformation, Lord Arran had

displayed a courage and constancy exhibited by none of his associates. To the deputies of the Scottish Convention, who urged Arran's suit, Elizabeth replied that she was, "*content with her maiden state*, and that God had given her *no inclination for marriage*".

The Earl of Arran was "affronted at this disappointment," and, we are informed, he fell into a melancholy which ended in the loss of his reason. This incident was most pleasing to the Dudley party, and a source of annoyance to the people, who desired to see the Queen married to "some great Protestant Prince".





“SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.”

WALTER RALEIGH'S first appearance at Court excited the jealousy of Sir Christopher Hatton, who had been many years the “dancing favourite” of Queen Elizabeth. After a time, however, the Queen reconciled the rivals. At the period Raleigh came to Court he was only twenty-one years of age, handsome, and possessed of fascinating manners. “When the Queen saw him,” to use the words of Blanche Parry, “she was half-inclined to be in love, and gave the young courtier some distinguished marks of the royal favour”. Hatton became offended, and in proof of his jealous feeling, retired from Court, and remained at his country residence. Elizabeth became alarmed—there was no gentleman at Court that could so please her in the dance as Hatton, who left Lords Leicester and Oxford in the shade.

Harrington relates that his “dear godmother (the Queen) could not sleep for three nights, and partook of little food for days ; the magnificent figure of her favourite haunted her by day and by night ; his soft voice, so full of *love* and tenderness, came like angels' whispers to the Royal ear. Elizabeth could no longer resist the emotions of her heart ; so a messenger was quickly dispatched to command Hatton to appear in the royal presence.” He obeyed the summons, and the Queen, all sunshine and love, received him in her library, presenting him at

the same time with a diamond ring, as a token of her love and protection. So, for a time, the lovers' quarrels were arranged.

Walter Raleigh seemed content with the office of a Court spy, who brought the Queen every petty gossip or scandal that he could collect. It is possible that the charges made against him were in some respects unfounded. He has been called an atheist, and Attorney-General Coke, in open Court, denounced him as such. During his latter years Raleigh gave the strongest evidence of his belief in Divine Revelation, and his religious character whilst in the Tower has been represented as edifying. His long imprisonment in the reign of James the First, in a narrow cell, shown now to visitors at the Tower, gave him ample time for reflection.

The vicissitudes of fortune pressed heavily upon Raleigh and his family. For a time he was the handsome and caressed favourite of the last of the Tudors, and, subsequently, the victim of a whimsical despot, in the person of Mary Stuart's vindictive son.

Raleigh received grants of land in the south of Ireland from Elizabeth, and in England she conferred on him a grant of the estates of unfortunate Anthony Babington. In this, like many similar cases, the Raleigh family did not prosper; the old proverb proving true—"Ill got, ill gone".

Sir Walter Raleigh, having escaped the political calamities of the reign of Elizabeth, was afterwards sent to the scaffold by King James the First. The last hours of his life were grand, and even the executioners shed tears. He was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, on an alleged charge of high treason. He was charged with an attempt, aided by several others, to raise Arabella Stuart, the cousin of King James, to the throne. There were two priests, named Watson and Clarke, executed for this alleged plot. Both died bravely. Popular opinion, in London, and many parts of England, ran high in favour of Raleigh; but public opinion had no

weight till the Puritans appeared upon the scene, undaunted and ready to back their words with blows, and "unity of action". The following prayer is said to have been written by Raleigh the night before his execution :—

"Oh, eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise, *Thou* hast persuaded ; what none hath dared Thou hast done, and those whom all the world hath flattered, Thou alone hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two sad-named narrow words—*Hic jacet.*"

Sir John Pope Hennessy, late Governor of the Mauritius, is now the owner of the house once occupied in Youghal, county Cork, by Sir Walter Raleigh. In the garden attached to the above house, the philosopher first planted potatoes, flax, and tobacco, also many valuable flowers.

In a volume recently written by Sir John Pope Hennessy upon Raleigh's connection with Ireland, the following passage occurs :—

"The room is much the same as it might have been in those times. The original painting of the first Governor of Virginia is there, and a contemporary engraving of Elizabeth, Queen of Virginia. The long table at which he wrote, the oak chest in which he kept his papers, the little Italian cabinet, the dark wainscoting with fine engravings rising up from each side of the hearth-stone to the ceiling, the old deeds and parchments, some with Raleigh's seal, the original warrant under the autograph of Queen Elizabeth granting a pension to the Countess of Desmond, and the two bookcases of vellum-bound and oak-bound books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—for there is nothing in the room (except the writer of these lines) that was not born when Raleigh lived here—all these things compel me to think well of him. But how can I? Who can think well of him here? As I look through the

deep window where he often stood, I see the ruined tower of St. Mary's and the remains of the College of Youghal. They were built one hundred years before his time, as well as the Warden's House, in which he lived, by the eighth Earl of Desmond. In this spot I cannot think of Raleigh without thinking of Thomas Fitzgerald—a contrast not favourable to Walter Raleigh."

No man connected with the Court of Elizabeth was more detested than Walter Raleigh. His conduct to the honest-minded and generous Lord Essex, was something like that of Francis Bacon. Many anecdotes are related of Raleigh. He was, however, long connected with the Court, as the Butterfly of Fashion. The extraordinary adventures and sad end of Walter Raleigh lent to his career a romantic aspect, and subsequent generations have attributed to him chivalrous qualities which he never possessed. His conduct in Ireland was that of the merciless "Soldier of Fortune".

In 1580, EDMUND SPENSER accompanied Lord Grey de Wilton to Ireland as Chief Secretary. Spenser was of a far higher class of mental culture and genius than Raleigh. After a time he regretted having acted upon the advice of Raleigh in dealing with "the Irish difficulty".

Being the child of Romance, Fancy, and the Muse, Spenser showed business was not "the condition of his fate". He drew up a "practical and comprehensive statement on the condition of Ireland as he found it in the reign of Elizabeth". This work has been frequently referred to by writers upon "the Irish difficulty".

Spenser received grants of land in the county Cork. The Castle of Kilcolman and its estate, once the property of the noble Desmond, was conferred upon the Poet. Spenser married a young Catholic lady—some say a peasant girl, whom he had discovered, Arcadian-like, attending her father's flock at a stream, and who quite enchanted the Poet. In subse-

quent years Spenser lost his Irish estates, the "rightful owners," it is said, having wrested them from him. He returned to England far poorer than he had left it, and "died suddenly in hopeless distress, on the 16th of January, 1598". It is difficult to imagine that he was "in hopeless distress," for Elizabeth granted him a pension of £50 per annum for the "Faërie Queene"—a work which the Poet never finished.

Edmund Spenser was born in London, about 1538. He was educated at Cambridge, where he won honours, and was personally esteemed. He was interred in Westminster Abbey by the side of Geoffrey Chaucer. The worthy Lord Essex defrayed the cost of the funeral himself, and walked as a mourner to the Abbey.*

The poets and other literary men who attended the funeral of Spenser threw elegies and sonnets into the grave of this distinguished votary of the muse. In those times, there scarcely was one amongst the learned who withheld his tribute to the fame of Edmund Spenser. Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, testifies to the genius of the unfortunate Poet. Several years subsequently, that munificent lady, Anne, Countess of Dorset, erected a handsome monument to the memory of Spenser.

The children of Edmund Spenser were educated Catholics by their mother, once known as the beautiful Mary Whyte, and in time possessed some property in the South of Ireland; but misfortune still pursued the family. Two descendants of the Poet fought at the Battle of the Boyne for King James. At the close of that unnatural war, waged against the monarch by his nephew (William of Orange) and his daughters, the Spensers retired to France, and entered the memorable Irish Brigade, where they further distinguished themselves, and

* Robert, Earl of Essex, perished upon the scaffold on the 25th of February, 1601—just three years from the funeral of the Poet at Westminster Abbey. The alleged cause of this judicial murder was the old cry—"treason! treason!"

subsequently found a grave in the land of the stranger, far away from the shady groves of Kilcolman, so long associated with the romantic incidents of the Poet's life in Ireland, and its almost tragic sequel.

Spenser was much indebted to the Sydney family, who aided him early in life, when struggling with "undeserved poverty". He was immensely grateful to his friends.





THE CAPTIVE OF LOCHLEVEN.

I NOW introduce the reader to a few exciting scenes at one of the early prison-houses to which the Queen of Scots was consigned by Lord Moray. Romance and poetry have illustrated with affectionate interest this particular epoch of the Castle of Lochleven's existence. History, however, only looks upon this gaol in its barbarous strength and its gloomy uses, bathed, as the Nile has been described, in mists, encircled by the deep waters of a lake, and situated in a lone island of Kinross. Tradition, that faithful agent of history, whispers that many tragic scenes were enacted at Lochleven in the "far-off days".* When the Queen of Scots arrived at the edge of the ill-omened lake as a prisoner, she shuddered for her fate. Lord Ruthven instantly commanded her to step into the boat. Royal Mary's face crimsoned with anger as she replied :—

"No, I will not go. I am *your* Queen. Before God and the world, I protest against your injustice to me."

Lords Lindsay and Ruthven lifted her into the boat. She "screamed from the squeezing she received from Lindsay ; she became faint, and laid her head upon the shoulder of faithful Jane Kennedy". The party reached the castle in

* The Earl of Northumberland was confined in Lochleven Castle, for two years, under the most infamous circumstances on record.

silence. The next painful incident was to encounter Lady Douglas (Moray's mother), to whose charge the Queen was partly committed.*

In this fortress of the feudal times languished Mary Stuart, the grand-daughter of "Bonnie King Jamie". Here was imprisoned by a cruel and unnatural brother the most lovely and the most gifted of royal women. Here the "right royal Queen of Scotland" suffered insult, cold, and hunger—in fact, the pains of semi-starvation. Some writers, however, have had the temerity to assert that she was "well treated, and wanted for nothing". The fact of such a woman as Lady Douglas having been one of her gaolers, is at once a contradiction of the statement; yet, for the honour of human nature, all were not bad. Even amongst those who held Mary in durance was to be found a man who rose above his stern occupation. It was far from being imagined at this time that a Douglas should become the champion of Mary Stuart. There is not any circumstance in the personal history of Mary Stuart more remarkable than the fact that, at the dreary and hopeless period of her incarceration in Lochleven Castle, deliverers should have been raised up for her in the family of her deadliest foes. The Regent Moray's maternal brother, George Douglas, commonly called "Pretty Georgie,"† the youngest son of Lady Douglas, being employed as one of Queen Mary's gaolers, became deeply interested in her behalf. He had been present when her signature to the deed of abdication was extorted by violence, and, unable to restrain his feelings, had indignantly reproached his inhuman brother-in-

* "Willie the Foundling" describes this scene in a letter written to a French Abbé some years subsequent. Jane Kennedy also alludes to the "struggle at the boat," and tradition makes the scene more sad, if possible.

† George Douglas was, at this period, about the same age as the Queen herself—some five-and-twenty years old, handsome, amiable, and chivalrous, although "a branch of the Upas-tree".

law, Lord Lindsay, for what he termed "the brutality of his conduct to the royal lady". From that moment young Douglas made a vow to effect the deliverance of his Sovereign. If ever the spirit of true chivalry and disinterested loyalty animated a young, warm heart, it was exemplified in the conduct of George Douglas to his oppressed Queen. Douglas soon became the medium of communication between the queen and a number of loyal gentlemen—Reformers and Catholics—who had pledged themselves by a solemn oath to break the chains which bound the royal captive. A variety of plans were proposed, but all failed, and to add to the misfortunes of the case, Douglas was betrayed. His mother and Lord Moray dismissed him from the Castle. When Moray visited his royal prisoner she denounced him as the author of all her misfortunes. Moray's manner on this occasion was "insolent and cruel," as Jane Kennedy has stated. Lord Lindsay said: "Recollect, *woman*, that you are *our prisoner*". Moray informed the Queen that the "preaching of the Gospel could not proceed while she was at liberty"; and again he remarked that "her imprisonment was a necessity, that he (Moray) and the other lords could do no less for their own personal security than to put her into captivity".* Lord Lindsay again told her that "justice demanded her life, as she had offended against the Gospel!"

The barbarous treatment the Queen received at Lochleven adds tenfold to the infamy of Lord Moray and his wicked mother.† The interview at an end, Moray sat down in another apartment of the fortress, and wrote a letter to Sir William Drury, one of Elizabeth's agents, in which he misrepresented everything that took place, and then read his false epistle for Lord Lindsay. It happened that the contents of the letter

* Sir William Drury to Cecil; Forrester to Cecil; *State Papers*, 1568.

† This woman has been described as "a she-wolf".

were revealed to two persons who were the secret friends of the royal prisoner. Independent of this incident, the statements of Lord Moray are contradicted by other circumstances with which the English Council were well acquainted. In fact the whole correspondence with respect to the prisoner at Lochleven presented a fearful amount of falsehood, treachery, and baseness, which, in the absence of State Papers, would appear incredible. Queen Mary had another interview with Lord Moray that same night, when no one was present but the devoted Jane Kennedy. On this occasion the Queen cried bitterly ; “ she was pale and sickly-looking, and had the appearance of one who had been almost worried to death ”. If she indulged in the delusion that she might, even at the eleventh hour, receive the sympathy of her father’s son—of that brother upon whom she had lavished estates and honours—she was quickly undeceived. “ Lord Moray came,” writes Mary’s distinguished Protestant biographer, “ not to fulfil the Christian duty of speaking of deliverance to the poor captive, nor to heal the broken heart, but to pour the last drop of gall into her cup of misery by his taunts.”

Moray had gone too far to recede, and to avert his own ruin he used every means to consummate the destruction of the sister whom he had made a prisoner. The circumstances under which Moray became Regent of Scotland have scarcely a precedent in the history of the many wicked statesmen who wielded power in Europe in the sixteenth century. The Mary Stuart of reality was of a far different spirit from the woman portrayed by party and sectarian writers. Mary Stuart was a woman of immense courage : she could look death in the face unmoved, and, amidst the show of unsheathed yet ready daggers, she would demand justice ; still, there was nothing masculine in her courage—she was all gentleness and forgiveness to her turbulent nobles, whom she had so often pardoned. Her address to Morton and Atholl at her cell door in Loch-

leven proves how little value she placed on her own life, and how unlikely she would have been to purchase it by self-abasement. "My lords," said the royal victim, "you have had experience of my severity and the end of it. Let me find that you have learned by me to make an end of yours, or at least that you can make it final."* Let it be remembered that the traitors above named had been several times pardoned by the Queen.

George Douglas, after his expulsion from the Castle of Lochleven, remained concealed in the house of one of his humble allies at Kinross.

At last a scheme was devised for the escape of the Queen. A laundress from a neighbouring village was allowed to come across the lake in a boat to "fetch the linen of the royal prisoner, and returned again without exciting any suspicion". The laundress, being a true Scotchwoman, entered into the secret plans then arranging for the escape of her Queen. The time chosen was the 25th March, being the day for the laundress's customary visit to the Queen's chamber. The Queen disguised herself in the attire of the faithful rustic, drew a muffler over her face, and taking in her arms the bundle of linen that was to be carried away, passed out of the castle in that manner, unsuspected, slipped into the boat, and took her seat. Nature had not, however, fitted Mary Stuart to support the character of a washerwoman. The boatmen quickly discovered the secret. "They tacked about," and rowed her back to the island, where she was "more safely guarded." Jane Kennedy states that the result of this adventure was an increase of cruelty and insult from Lady Douglas. The condition of Mary's mind after this incident was full of sadness. Once when looking through the bars of her window, on the lake, where she saw in every wave an image of the instability of her

* Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth.

fortunes, she sank into such a profound melancholy that the evil spirit took occasion of her despair to tempt her with the thought that, since the earth and air were denied to her, she had no other choice than the water, and that she might, by one plunge, terminate her weary captivity, and bury all her sorrows in the deep waters that flowed beneath the tower. But the next moment her trust in Jesus Christ and the intercession of His Mother, returned to her despairing heart. Throwing herself on her knees, she besought pardon for her sinful thought, and supplicated the Almighty for grace and strength of mind to endure her cruel wrongs.* When the agony of her mind had been calmed by prayer, she sat down, and by the aid of the writing materials just obtained for her by Jane Kennedy, wrote the following prayer :—

“Alas, my soul, if the Almighty and Eternal Creator permits this suffering for my sins, shouldst thou not kiss the rod that chastens thee by temporal troubles, instead of making thee the object of eternal suffering ? And if this hath happened to thee, to prove thy virtue, shrinkst thou from passing through the furnace where the Great Refiner will purge away the dross to make thee shine as pure gold ? Is it because thou art deprived of liberty, and the pleasures of a court ?

“Take now the wings of Contemplation and Divine Love, and fly beyond this Lake of Sorrow ; soar far above the seas that surround our isles, and thou wilt learn that there is no prison for a soul which is enfranchised by its Eternal Creator. And, then, do thou despise this wicked world and all that pertains to it.”

Here are the outpourings of a spirit which manifests acquaintance with those Patristic writings, the knowledge of which has been ascribed, and denied, to the Queen of Scots. Be he believer or non-believer, the reader must, at least, acknowledge the grand hopefulness of a solitary, helpless, and

* See M. Caussin. This amiable French biographer of Mary was possessed of some trustworthy sources of information in Scotland—perhaps from Jane Kennedy, the Queen’s Protestant maid of honour, and the truest amongst the few that were faithful.

outraged Queen, thus essaying to "lean upon the arm of the Deity," as Lamartine has said, "and conquer self-extinction by trustfulness in God".

Human aid, however, was nearer to the Queen than she imagined. George Douglas had left within the castle an unsuspected coadjutor in his enterprise for her deliverance, in a boy of tender years and mysterious parentage. This youth of sixteen was page-in-waiting to Lady Douglas. He was called the "Lad Willie"; "Orphan Willie"; "Little Willie"; and "Foundling Willie". It is alleged that he was found when a baby in a basket at the castle gate. Much romantic gossip has been circulated as to Willie's parentage; but it still remains a mystery. Willie, however, was brought up in Lochleven, and received an education suitable to the rank of a gentleman. He understood Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish; how he acquired his education is not recorded. Thornton states that Willie was instructed by a learned priest who had been many years in the castle as a prisoner.* Be this as it may, Willie was a general favourite in the fortress. His young heart was touched with the fire of chivalry, and he made a vow to do something towards the release of the Queen of Scots. One day, seeing the royal captive more than usually sorrowful, he took the liberty of whispering to her—"Right Royal Queen, if your Highness will venture to attempt your escape a second time, I can tell you of the means of doing it. We have here below a postern gate by which we sometimes go out in one of the boats on the lake. I will bring you the key

* It was bruited that Willie was the son of Lord Cassilis, by Clara Graham, of the House of Montrose. Many circumstances contradict this story. And, again, that Willie's mother drowned herself at Lochleven. So writes Adam Thornton, an English "story-teller," who was possessed of a vast amount of Scotch gossip of those times. During the imprisonment of the Queen of Scots in England, "The Mysterious Willie," then an accomplished young gentleman, went on several secret missions for Mary to Spain, and became a special favourite of Philip the Second.

when I can get the boat ready, and will deliver you, and flee at the same time with you from the fury of Lord Ruthven and Lady Douglas. Oh, good Queen, do not tremble as you do—God will aid you ; and my young life will be cheerfully offered up to promote your release. If you become free, do not forget friendless little Willie, who knows no one in this wide un pitying world that he can call father, mother, brother, nor sister.”

Jane Kennedy, who was present, states that the Queen was immensely affected.

After a pause, the Royal captive dried her tears, and replied in her well-known voice when expressing sympathy or gratitude :—“My little friend, this is very good of you—very good, indeed ; but see you tell no one, or we shall be ruined. If you succeed in rendering me this service, I will make you happy for the rest of your life.”* Being destitute of pen, ink, and paper at the time, the Queen wrote with a piece of charcoal on her handkerchief a few words, probably in cypher, and made her first trial of little Willie’s sagacity and faith by entrusting him with the care of transmitting it to her loyal friend, Lord Seton. This task was readily done through the agency of George Douglas, who was no farther off than Kinross. The token soon reached Lord Seton, who commenced preparations. He transported a company of sixty picked horsemen, armed and apparelled for defence, to the lake-shore, and then concealed them in a convenient glen in the secluded bosom of the Western Lomonds, to await the issue of the enterprise. Several days had passed before young Willie was able to make good his promise of breaking the royal captive’s chains. In the meantime, a special Envoy from France demanded the release of the Queen ; Moray would not entertain the question. The Ambassador demanded an interview with

* See M. Caussin ; Bell’s *Life of Queen Mary* ; letters of Jane Kennedy.

Mary. This was also rejected. The French Ambassador expressed his indignation at such conduct, but as Moray was acting under the secret advice of Elizabeth, he cared little for the "strong remonstrance" of France.* The conduct of Moray on this occasion excited great indignation in Paris; but the general opinion throughout Europe was to the effect that Lord Moray was the political agent of the English Queen. The opportunity for an escape was at length arranged. More than five hundred men and two hundred women were aware of the projected enterprise, yet not one disclosed the project. This incident speaks highly for the character of the "unreformed people," and the chivalrous loyalty and love they entertained for their Queen.

The second day of May, 1568, fell on Sunday; at half-past seven that evening, the guard who kept watch and ward at the Castle of Lochleven—night and day—were accustomed to quit their post for half-an-hour for supper. The keys of the castle were laid on a small table, near where the "laird" of the fortress was seated. Faithful Willie, who was acting as a page to the governor of the castle, watched his opportunity. The wine-cup circulated freely; the keys were forgotten by everyone save Willie, who, having placed a cloth over them, removed them at the first opportunity. He then hastened to the Queen's chamber; with a brave heart, Mary was ready to start the moment she saw the keys. She had changed clothes with the oldest and tallest of her two maids of honour.† Mary Seton, who is generally supposed to have fled with her, remained behind to personate her royal mistress, and bear the first brunt of the anger of the cruel woman who filled the office of "domestic scorpion".

* See M. Beaumont's Despatches; Teulet; Keith; *Queens of Scotland*, Vol. VI.

† Report of the Venetian Ambassador to the Doge, May 26th, 1568; *Queens of Scotland*, Vol. VI.

The Queen took with her the youngest companion of her captivity, a little girl of ten years old. Willie, having carefully locked the gates behind him, to prevent immediate pursuit, hurried the queen and the child into a small boat, called a skiff, which lay just off the castle steps. The Queen's natural courage revived; seizing one of the oars, she went to work like an experienced boatman, and quite astonished the youth who was risking his life for her escape. The heroic Jane Kennedy, who was to have accompanied her royal mistress, not being quick enough to reach the castle gates till they were locked by Willie, returned to the Queen's chamber, which looked upon the waters at a great height, and seeing the boat at a distance, no longer able to restrain her feelings, leaped from the window into the foaming waters of the lake, and striking out with strong arms and a brave heart, swam at a quick pace till she reached the boat. Here a scene of peril occurred to get into the little skiff, which was "tossing in a dangerous manner". "God protected us," writes Jane Kennedy, in her kindly letters.* Midway between the island and the shore the Queen rose and gave the preconcerted signal that she was in the boat by waving her veil, which was white with a red and gold border and red tassels. When the royal veil was seen to flutter forth, the recumbent watcher on the shore sprang to his feet, and, turning about, displayed a corresponding signal to his friends in the village. The horsemen in the village instantly communicated the sign to those on the hill-side, who forthwith galloped down to the shore of the lake, where the

* Many years after the event above recorded, two of the golden-haired damsels of Rothesay, desiring to test the probability of this narrative, caused a boat to be placed on the lake at some distance from the window named, and at a given signal, they leaped from the window into the deep waters of the lake, and after immense exertion, they reached the boat, quite exhausted. The question may be asked, "Would they have accomplished such a feat under the circumstances surrounding Jane Kennedy "

Queen and her noble young deliverer had just laid down their oars. Springing from the boat, Mary Stuart and Jane Kennedy prostrated themselves upon the grass for a few minutes to offer thanks to heaven for their deliverance. Then, turning to the faithful band who had come to aid her, flushed with her unwonted toil and excitement, and smiling through her tears, she received the rapturous homage of those loyal and true men who were perilling their lives for the deliverance of their Queen. Lochleven has become memorable in the chronicles of topography. When about a furlong from the shore, Willie threw the bunch of keys into the loch, where they were found in 1821, when a portion of the lake was dried up by an abnormal drought.* The spot where Mary effected her landing on the lake shore has attained, in memory of that event, the name of "Mary Knowle". The escape was a topic of surprise at every Court in Europe. The Venetian Ambassador, who had some knowledge of Lochleven, and the close custody in which Lord Ruthven held the royal captive, "deemed the flight like a miracle; and all conducted and brought to a happy conclusion by a boy of sixteen years old". Swift horses and courageous men were in readiness, and the Queen was quickly in the saddle, ready to ride a race for life and liberty, as she had done before.

After journeying some miles, the Queen's friends deemed it more prudent that their royal mistress should pursue the remainder of her way to the residence of her devoted friend, Lord Seton, in a boat across the Firth. After a brief delay, Mary Stuart braved the waves of the surging Firth in a small fishing barque. The Queen and her attendants reached the little wooden pier of South Queen's Ferry in safety. There she was met by Lord Claud Hamilton, of the blood royal of

* In Charles Machray's "*Castles, Palaces, and Prisons,*" of the days of the Queen of Scots, are to be found some interesting narratives concerning Lochleven.

Scotland, accompanied by fifty armed cavaliers, all of his own clan. Those devoted followers escorted their Queen to West Niddry, the seat of Lord Seton, where she stopped for the night. At the grey dawn of morning she was prepared to pursue her journey, and from her bed-room window she addressed some loving words to a few knights, chiefs, and cavaliers of the noble houses of Bruce, Livingstone, and others of less note, whom gold had not corrupted, nor treason led astray. The Queen next visited Hamilton Castle, which became her head-quarters for a short time. Here Archbishop Hamilton and the principal gentlemen of that wild district paid homage to their Sovereign. Her Highness then solemnly revoked her abdication in the presence of her troops and the numerous friends who had come to greet her. She declared that her signature to the writs and instruments she had subscribed in Lochleven Castle had been extorted from her by violence and threats, to which she called on George Douglas and Sir Robert Melville, who were witnesses of that constraint, to bear testimony.*

It is said that twenty men of immense ability, energy, and business habits could not get through all Mary Stuart accomplished in a few days. She wrote letters to nearly every crowned head and eminent statesman in Europe claiming their assistance. Her letters to the Cardinal of Lorraine are remarkable. Petrucci, the Florentine Ambassador, affirms that Mary's letter to her uncle, the Cardinal, "would move the hardest heart to pity her. She acknowledges her release as a boon from the Almighty alone, to whom she returns most humble thanks for His having given her so much fortitude in these her afflictions."

At the first news of Mary's escape, M. de Beaumont, the

* Chalmers' *Life of the Queen of Scots* ; Keith ; Despatches of Correra ; Tytler, Vol. VI. ; Hopetoun MSS. ; *Queens of Scotland*, Vol. VI.

French Ambassador, hastened to offer his congratulations to the Queen, and publicly visited her at Hamilton. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton expressed "his pleasure at Mary's escape". In a few hours later he wrote as follows to Lord Moray :—

"We have learned that the Queen has escaped from Lochleven, which thing, I can assure you, has much grieved your friends, and they are no less astonished that no greater care has been taken in a matter of such vital importance."*

The writer concludes : "*I commit you to the keeping of God, Who, as I assure myself, will prosper you, as before, to His own glory*".† Sir William Drury acted in a similar spirit of duplicity and falsehood to the Scottish Queen. He reported that she was "quite in love with George Douglas". When this gross allegation was proved to be false, Drury and Throckmorton charged the Queen with base ingratitude to her deliverer. The facts of the case were far different. Mary was most grateful to all those who aided in her escape. She gave George Douglas in gold and jewels far more than her limited means could afford. In a letter to Cecil, Sir William Drury states that George Douglas "has been quite forgotten by her whom he so much served".

The future conduct of Mary to Douglas is a sufficient proof of her gratitude, and the delicacy and purity of her friendship for him. She prayed the French Court to promote his interests in case he should desire to settle in France. There is an interesting circumstance in connection with George Douglas's residence in Paris which places his Queen in a most amiable light. Douglas, whilst at the French Court, became acquainted with a young and lovely heiress. "Handsome Geordie" quickly won the lady's heart, but the noble and

* Throckmorton, at the period of his death, was engaged in a conspiracy to dethrone Elizabeth.

† Teulet, Vol. II. ; *Queens of Scotland*, Vol. VI.

wealthy relatives of Mademoiselle would not consent to her union with a poor Scotch squire. Of the genealogical tree of the warlike House of Douglas they knew nothing, and, as the Scotch nobles were justly in bad repute on the Continent, they did not desire to have any alliance with young Douglas; besides, he was poor and unknown in France. Yet he had very recently achieved laurels in the field of chivalry which had placed his name on the roll of history amongst the brave and generous. His struggle to liberate his young Queen from Lochleven gained him many friends and admirers—and, above all, it aided in winning for him the heart of the heiress, who was enthusiastic in her admiration of Mary Stuart. Still the relatives of the lady hesitated. Queen Mary's letters soon removed all objections, and George Douglas became the husband of the beautiful Jeannette Verrière, who married him solely for his personal merits and his chivalrous unselfishness. This incident shows that the feelings of Mary Stuart towards George Douglas were those of a Queen who felt the genial and exalted sentiment that gratitude is one of the attributes inseparable from a good heart, and most worthy the wearer of a diadem. Generous-hearted, loveable, ill-understood, Mary Stuart never forsook her friends. No circumstance connected with the domestic life of Queen Mary more intimately illustrates the kind and amiable qualities of the woman, than the disinterested and sisterly kindness she manifested in providing suitable matches for her maids of honour—especially the "Maries". After serving like Jacob, for seven years, Andrew Beaton was about to become the husband of Mary Seton, but died suddenly within a few days of their intended marriage. This sad incident was a source of grief to the Queen, for she had taken an active part in promoting the marriage; and her interesting correspondence upon the subject is still amongst the *State Papers*.

The "mourning bride," then in the thirtieth year of her

age, yet in the full possession of matured beauty, consented to remain seven years longer with her royal mistress. Mary Seton subsequently retired to a convent at Rheims, and there ended her days in cloistered seclusion. "A lot," writes Miss Strickland, "for which her royal mistress sighed in vain."

In a letter of Mdle. de Courcelles appears an affecting account of the "leave-taking" between Queen Mary, then in prison at Tutbury, and her beloved companion and friend, Mary Seton. The narrator adds: "Even Lady Shrewsbury was *moved to tears*". A marvellous result with such a *châtelaine*.

Mr. Hosack comments upon the interest the Queen of Scots often evinced in the marriage of young people who earnestly desired to join the "*true lover's knot*".

Unlike her sister-queen, who would never allow anyone to marry if she could help it, Mary Stuart, notwithstanding her own unhappy experience, was throughout her life the constant advocate of matrimony—"lest to the parties worse might betide," says old Wyntoun. The diaries and correspondence of the "Maries," and other ladies associated with the inner life of Queen Mary, concur in speaking of her many endearing domestic qualities, whilst writers who had never seen her, and knew nothing of the early history of the royal lady, represent her in the worst light—"unamiable and vindictive".

I cannot omit inserting at this stage of my narrative of Mary Stuart, an anecdote related by Miss Strickland on her visit to Lochleven, many years ago, which illustrates the feeling then pervading Scotland as to their Queen.

"I cannot refrain," says Miss Strickland, "from recording a pleasing trait of generous feeling displayed by David Marshall, tacksman of the Lochleven fishery, employed in transporting visitors to and from Lochleven Castle. Marshall refused to accept his five-shilling fee, or any reward whatsoever, because he had gathered from the conversation, that I was

writing Queen Mary's life. Marshall handed back the money with a determined air, saying: 'No, I will not take money for this job from anyone. I must be permitted to have the pleasure of rendering this little service to that lady, for *poor Queen Mary's sake*.'

'Then,' said Miss Strickland, 'you would have lent a hand to deliver Queen Mary from her prison if you had lived in her time?'

'Aye, and I would *have died for her*,' he replied, grasping his oar with expressive energy as he spoke."

Miss Strickland adds: "Who shall say the age of chivalry exists no longer when sentiments of so ennobling a character animate the true hearts of the industrial classes of Old Scotia?"

David Marshall was a Scotch Presbyterian, yet he valued Mary Stuart far above the daughter of Anna Boleyn.

The reader may form some idea of the domestic comforts provided for the Queen at Lochleven Castle, from the fact that the only mode of reaching the apartments of the royal prisoner was by *an old broken ladder*. This was "arranged" by order of Lord Lindsay.

I may remark that, at the suggestion of the Countess of Mar, many petty persecutions were practised against the royal captive, whilst at Lochleven.

The Countess of Mar is described by Mr. Froude as a "fanatical Catholic, who desired to send the son of the Queen of Scots to France or Spain to be educated". If the Countess of Mar were *a Catholic* possessed of any principle, or the slightest sense of honour, she would not become the *wife* of an apostate priest. Amongst the unprincipled Scotch nobles of those times, there were few more steeped in crime than Lord Mar, known in early life as Father Erskine, confessor to the Queen of Scots. Retributive justice, however, seems to have pursued him, for, like the other three Regents, he died

a violent death, and surrounded with a mystery as to its cause.*

Lochleven will long continue to be a place for the contemplation of royal vicissitudes, and the memory of the iniquities perpetrated against Mary Stuart by the hypocritical and dishonest "conversants" in religion and politics. Still, the student of History may desire to linger around Lochleven in its ruins. In the midst of the tangled wilderness, tradition has long pointed out one ancient stem of fantastic growth called "Queen Mary's Thorn," said to have been planted by the royal captive as a memorial of her compulsory residence in Lochleven. Its boughs, as long as a stick remained, were constantly broken off and carried away by the numerous visitors, and the tree was subsequently uprooted by a violent storm of wind. The tower of the Castle is of great antiquity—supposed to have been built by Congal, a Pictish king.

There were ten pieces of tapestry at Lochleven said to have been made by Mary Queen of Scots and her ladies upon her return from France. The work was descriptive of the diversions of hunting and hawking, and performed with that elegant taste for which Queen Mary was so remarkable. Madame Justirini, a contemporary of the Queen of Scots, and an eminent Parisian embroideress, affirms that her highness was "the greatest needlewoman in the world". Jane Kennedy states that Queen Elizabeth "expressed her delight at receiving some beautiful needlework as a present from her royal captive of Tutbury Castle". Gilbert Talbot, the deputy Gaoler, conveyed the presents from Mary Stuart to her "dear cousin," Elizabeth. However, the iron rule at Tutbury was not relaxed for one hour by the above incident.

I regret that my limited space will not permit me to enter here upon the history of the self-sacrificing Jane Kennedy. I

* See the "Four Regents" in Vol. IV. of the *Historical Portraits*.

refer the reader to the 4th volume of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* (p. 524-30), for a brief history of her. Jane Kennedy, like many other friends of the Queen of Scots, has been misrepresented by the malice of sectarian writers. Jane Kennedy was one of the grandest characters associated with the private history of Mary Stuart's misfortunes, and her death was one of the saddest on record in those days. In crossing Leith Ferry, the boat was run down by a large ship, and faithful Jane and her little son were drowned. The name of Jane Kennedy is still loved and honoured in many a mountain home of Old Caledonia.

A reviewer of the great leading journal of England says truly, "that the story of Mary Stuart is one of those historical questions which seem likely to awaken interest to the end of time; for it is absolutely certain that it can never be settled to the satisfaction of everybody, since prepossessions will detect flaws in the most logical reasoning, and the authority of the most plausible *pièces de conviction* is constantly impeached. During the lifetime of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and ever since her death, it has been made a question of sentiment, of religion, or of politics. And that she will always continue to find defenders we may believe."

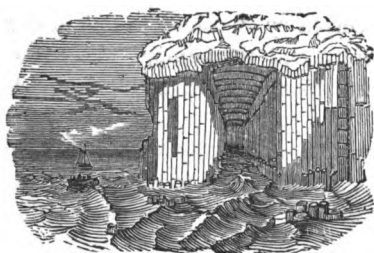
Those who desire to blacken the character of Mary Stuart now-a-days affect a sympathy for Darnley,* of whose real character they know little. The most recent research proves that Darnley was "as brutal to the *wife* as he was false and treacherous to *his queen*". The language he used to the royal lady manifested his gross and cruel nature. Here is a passage which gives some idea of his delicacy of thought and manhood. When the royal couple escaped together from Holyrood, and were riding towards Dunbar, Darnley, who was scared by a

* For the part taken in the murder of Rizzio by Darnley, see Vol. IV. of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, p. 324.

party of troopers, who, he fancied, were sent in pursuit of him, put spurs to his horse and dashed forward. The Queen, who was at that time far advanced in pregnancy, exclaimed that "she would risk anything rather than endanger the life of her child". Darnley became furious. "If this child dies," said he, "*we can have more.*" Let the admirers of Darnley ponder over the above passage.

Terrible events followed in quick succession. Under a hawthorn tree, four miles from fatal Langside, Mary Stuart took a long farewell of her chivalrous defenders. Adam Macpherson says—"We all cried like children".

On this occasion, Maxwell, Laird of Nether Polloc, was knighted by Queen Mary. This was the last chivalric honour Mary Stuart ever had it in her power to bestow.





THE ELIZABETHAN COIN.

TOWARDS the close of 1560 Elizabeth completed her great monetary reform in England—a commercial change which was much required. The Queen strictly forbade melting or trafficking with the coin in any way—a precaution the more necessary inasmuch as the silver was better and purer in England during her reign than it had been for two hundred years, and exceeded in value the standard of that of any other nation of Europe in her time.*

The reformation of the currency extended to Ireland, and was joyously received by all classes in that country. The commercial community, and the farmers, who suffered much from the base coin of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., rejoiced at the new issue.

“Bonfires were set a-blazing on the hills,” and the Queen’s health was pledged by many who had been hitherto her mortal foes. Several ballads were written on the “great change in money”.

Here is a specimen :—

“ Let bonfires shine in every place,
And ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live her Grace
To be the good Queen of Ireland.

* Camden’s *Annals*.

The gold and silver, which was so base
 That no man could endure it scarce,
 Is now new coined with her own face,
 And made to go current in Ireland."*

When the Queen visited the Mint, at the Tower, she coined certain pieces of gold with her own hand, and gave them away to those about her. The gold coins of Elizabeth's reign were beautiful, consisting of sovereigns, half-sovereigns or rials—the latter word being a corruption from royals; nobles, double-nobles, angels, half-angels, pieces of an angel, crowns and half-crowns. One pound of gold was coined into twenty-four sovereigns, or thirty-six nominal pounds, for the value of the sovereign was thirty shillings, the value of the royal fifteen shillings, and that of the angel ten. On the sovereign appeared the majestic profile portrait of Elizabeth, in armour and ruff, her hair freely flowing over her bosom and shoulders.

The lovers of the picturesque and graceful must regret the want of taste which induced the Tudor sovereigns to set aside the elegant garland-shaped diadem of the Saxon and Plantagenet monarchs of England for the double-arched royal cap, which so completely conceals the contour of a finely-shaped head and the beauty of the hair.

Queen Elizabeth's silver money comprised crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, threepences, twopennies, half-pennies and farthings. There was no copper money coined before the reign of James I. Amongst the many interesting matters Elizabeth stated her desire to carry out in her reign was that of a "History of Money," in various parts of Europe, from the beginning of the eighth century. Several learned antiquarians volunteered their assistance for the work; but they died off in time, till the Queen perhaps thought herself too old to proceed with such a weary search as the "History of

* Simon's *Essay on Irish Coins*.

Money" would involve; so her promises on this branch of literature fell through, like many of those pledges she had made to the learned gathering that listened to her memorable speech at Cambridge University, in the "hopeful beginning" of her reign.

The "connection of Ireland with England," during the last fifteen years of the reign of Elizabeth, cost £490,780. The revenue of that country during the above period amounted, it is alleged, to no more than £120,000. The provincial "governors and soldiers of fortune" accumulated far greater sums by the plunder of the unfortunate natives, who received little sympathy from their English co-religionists, who were as deeply hostile in Catholic times as when England changed her creed.





“A ROYAL DISAPPOINTMENT.”

NOW for the last love story of the “good Queen Bess”. The first messenger whom Anjou, the French Prince, despatched to Queen Elizabeth, in relation to a proposal of marriage, was his favourite, Simier; but the Queen at first refused to receive him. However, she consented, “provided he came without parade, and kept secret the object of his mission”.* But Simier soon overcame her displeasure. He excelled in the accomplishments of a courtier; his manner, his wit, and his gallantry made an irresistible impression on the English Queen. Thrice in the week he was specially invited to the Queen’s private parties; and it was remarked by the ladies of the Court—who were excellent judges—that her Highness never appeared so cheerful and so happy as in the society of Simier. As usual the slanderous gossip about the Court whispered suspicions as to an intimacy between Simier and the Queen. There was not, however, the slightest ground for those scandals. Like a true knight, the courtly Simier wooed for his royal master, and most successfully, as many people imagined. Every day fresh obstacles and further

* Murdin, Vol. II., p. 318.

considerations were spoken of by the Queen's Council. At length, wearied with objections and delays, Simier applied for a final answer to the Queen herself, who eluded the question by replying that she could not make up her mind to marry one whom she had never seen. There was a show of reason in the reply, and Anjou changed his mode of love-making. Travelling in disguise, he arrived without any previous message at Greenwich Palace (September, 1578). Lady Leighton introduced the Prince to his lady-love, and states that her Royal mistress was quite enraptured with her young lover. The youth of the prince, his gaiety and "the loving attentions" he paid to the Queen made her pass unnoticed the scars with which the small-pox had furrowed his countenance. "After a few days of private courtship, conducted in the most delicate and loving manner, Anjou took his departure, with the strongest assurances of a speedy and happy marriage." At the leave-taking the Queen burst into tears and kissed the prince divers times. This seemed a spontaneous outburst of a warm-hearted woman, who was not always in a discreet mood. It was rumoured that Lord Leicester was highly displeased "at the frequent kissing" between the Queen and her French lover, who pleased her highly when he spoke of the beauty of her hands.

Upon the return of Anjou to London, the intrigues and cabals of the Council were quickly at work to upset the projected marriage. Lord Leicester was secretly undermining the whole proceedings. Lords Sussex and Hunsdon were desirous of seeing their kinswoman married; but they were as much opposed to a Catholic husband for the Queen, as Cecil or Sadler. The chief arguments put forward by Sir Ralph Sadler were the dangers to the Protestant religion from a young Catholic husband. He contended that if the Mass were permitted to be celebrated in private, it would soon have to be acknowledged in public. The danger to the Queen's life, if, at *her present* age, she should have issue; and the *inutility of the*

*marriage if she had not.** Here is another instance of the Queen's profession of love for Anjou :—

On the 22nd of November (1581), Elizabeth settled down for the winter at Greenwich Palace. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Anjou at her side, and Leicester and Walsingham at a distance behind, when, suddenly, the French Ambassador was introduced. After some preliminary conversation the Queen addressed the French Envoy in these words : “ Write to your Royal master that the Duke (Anjou) *will be my husband*”. And then, with a sudden impulse she turned upon the prince, *kissed his brown lips*, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand. She then sent for the ladies and gentlemen of her household, and presented Anjou to them as their future master—*the husband whom she loved*. Couriers were despatched to Paris with the news. Parliament was immediately summoned. All was to be finally settled in a few weeks. But strange rumours were afloat.

There were, however, further negotiations ; the end of which proved that the Queen was playing a most deceptive game with her French suitor—in fact, with the Royal Family of France. It became the question of the day how Anjou was to be set aside without insulting him. In public, the Queen affected the deepest sorrow at the compelled departure of the Prince ; but in private, she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Anjou's spies gave him an accurate account of the deception practised by the Queen and her Council. On some occasions Elizabeth assured her courtiers that her love for the French Prince could never change, at another time that she “ could not marry a Catholic”. She professed a wish to be his “ friend and sister”. In a burst of passion one day, Elizabeth swore that “ she would not be Anjou's wife, if it would make her empress of the

* Murdin, *State Papers* ; Sadler's *State Papers*, Vol. II., p. 570.

universe". Anjou is represented as using violent language to the Queen, and immediately after sobbing and crying. . . . He "passionately professed a noble love for the Queen of England," and again burst into tears. Elizabeth, who is described as deeply affected at this scene, gave him her "*handkerchief to wipe his eyes with*". In this situation, the curtain drops, and the disappointed lovers are left alone. Much of this information comes from Mendoza's secret correspondence with King Philip. All the "surroundings of the case" show that Spain did not desire any good understanding to be fostered between France and England. Mendoza states that Anjou told Elizabeth he would "*turn Protestant for her sake*. . . . That his love for her was immense"; and he "could think of no other virgin to be his bride".

On one occasion the Queen induced Anjou to accompany her to St. Paul's, in order to please her Protestant subjects, for the people were delighted to see the Queen's intended husband in the Cathedral. Aubrey relates that "Elizabeth was so highly pleased with Anjou for his compliance, that she rewarded him *by kissing him before the whole congregation, and whilst the clergy were engaged in Divine service*".* And again, on the anniversary of the Queen's coronation, and in the presence of the foreign ambassadors and her whole court, Elizabeth placed a ring on the finger of Anjou, which was regarded by all present as a pledge of her intention to become his wife, and from that time the Prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband. This statement is vouched for by Camden—a high authority. The gift of the ring was reported by the French and Dutch envoys. Bonfires and salutes of artillery manifested the satisfaction of those countries at the prospect of "so glorious an alliance". However, the Protestant party of England thought differently. Lord Leicester, Hatton, Sir Henry Sydney, and Lord Pembroke were secretly intriguing to prevent

* Aubrey ; *News*, Vol. I., p. 545.

the marriage. The question arises—was the Queen firm enough to be mistress of her own actions, and not the creature of her Council?

On New Year's Day, Anjou exerted himself much at a tournament. The moment it was over the Queen ran to him, saluted (kissed) him repeatedly before the people, and subsequently led him by the hand to his bedchamber, that he might repose himself for awhile. On the next morning the Queen, accompanied by one of her ladies, visited him before he left his bed, and made kind inquiries "as to a good night's rest".*

Sir John Harrington relates that on one occasion some conversation occurred between certain ladies of the Court and the Queen, "concerning the marriage of people of a different religion, when her Highness made several honourable remarks, of which her women-in-waiting thought very much. As the gossip went on, the Queen sayeth these words: '*I form a small opinion of a man who would change his religion to please a wife*'." Perhaps this scene had some indirect allusion to Elizabeth's courtship with the Archduke Charles. Every circumstance connected with the position of the Queen proves that her Protestantism was wholly *political*. Here is another incident, and one that comes from a higher source. On one occasion, Elizabeth, in conversation with the French Ambassador, said she would "be very sorry to learn if the Prince (Anjou) was willing to give up his religion, for if he had the heart *to forsake his God*, he might soon forget her altogether".†

The Queen had more private conversations on domestic life with La Motte Feneleon than any other foreigner who frequented her Court. In his confidential notes to Catherine de Medicis, Feneleon censures Elizabeth's ministers for much that occurred

* *Nevers*, p. 557.

† Private Despatches of La Motte Feneleon to Charles the Ninth and Catherine de Medicis.

in England. He specially alludes to Sir William Cecil and Sir Francis Walsingham. Bad Catholic, and profligate as Anjou undoubtedly was, he would not renounce the faith of his fathers to become the husband of the proud and powerful Queen of England. The fates seemed to have conspired against any match for Golden Eliza, who continued to be content with the romantic title of the "Virgin Queen".

During one of the private discussions upon the Queen's projected marriage, she ordered Walsingham out of her presence, telling him "he was fit for nothing but to be the champion of heretics".

No one connected with the government of Elizabeth did more to promote her disreputable policy than Francis Walsingham, for which he received in return numberless insults. At times Walsingham praised Anjou to the Queen. He said "the Prince had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him". "Then, thou old knave," retorted the Queen, "why hast thou so often spoken ill of him, which thou knowest is very hurtful to my tender feelings?" *

Elizabeth sent her portrait to Anjou, in a gold case, highly ornamented, and accompanied by a note full of the most delicate sentiments and fervent good wishes for his happiness. That Elizabeth loved Anjou is *now* quite clear to the reflecting student of History. However, when she entered into a conflict with her ministers as to the delicate question of whom she would choose to be her husband, the "chided maiden of forty" gave way, and, amidst sobs and tears, agreed to surrender her lover. So the *woman*, not the Tudor Sovereign, was coerced by her Council. Elizabeth was an object of sympathy at this time, for she had not one honest adviser.

The picture to which I have just alluded is, I understand, now amongst the Fine Art Collection in the Luxembourg

* MS. of the Queen's Private Discourse with Sir Francis Walsingham.

Palace, in Paris. The British Musuem has also two Prayer Books, once the property of Queen Elizabeth; and likewise, a Missal belonging to Anna Boleyn, with a slip of brown silk placed between the leaves. These books are all in a good state of preservation, and are deposited in the vicinity of Lady Jane Dudley's (Jane Grey) Prayer Book—the book she used upon the scaffold.

Walsingham had some sharp discussions with Catherine de Medicis at Blois, in which he assured the Queen-mother "That it was not *religion* that made a stop in the marriage of the Duke of Anjou, but some other thing". "No, surely," replied Catherine de Medicis, "my son (Anjou) never told me any other cause." It is further related that Anjou, having heard many scandals concerning Elizabeth, withdrew from the matrimonial engagement, to which he had not finally agreed.

Pinart, the confidential agent of the French Court, had gone back to Paris (1581) to report the "love disappointment".

"The tricks which the Queen is playing to get rid of the French prince," wrote Mendoza, "are more than I can describe. Anjou's friends in Holland were bribed by Walsingham." In fact, the treachery and corruption carried on at this time in London and Paris exhibited a total disregard of all honourable modes of action.

On the day of Anjou's departure, the Queen and her courtiers accompanied him to Canterbury, where, with "apparent affliction, a romantic leave-taking took place". On this occasion the numerous spectators were quite convinced that the "Good Queen Bess" was really in love, and the maids and matrons offered many delicate tokens of sympathy to her Highness.

The Royal Family of France did not hold a high opinion of their kinsman Anjou. His brother-in-law describes Anjou "as deceitful, malicious, treacherous, and cowardly—his countenance fierce, sometimes mean-looking; his body ill-formed, and small for a man". His intrigues and petty tyranny

involved him in difficulties in the Low Countries. He was compelled to relinquish his Brabant Dukedom, and return to France. In 1584, Anjou died, after a protracted illness, at the Castle of Château Thierry. It was reported that he was poisoned by a Spanish woman who had some claims upon him.

When Queen Elizabeth heard of Anjou's death, she was "much afflicted, and shut herself up for several days to indulge her grief in solitude". Lady Leighton, who enjoyed the Queen's confidence, is of opinion that "her Highness was *really in love with Anjou*"; and adds: "The dear young prince had a very winning manner. When he placed the Queen's beautiful hand in *his*, it was at once evident that he was nearly in possession of *her heart*." Who can tell?

Lady Leighton was amongst Sir Christopher Hatton's "sentimental correspondents" at the period of Anjou's death. She details to the royal favourite a minute account of the Queen's grief for her young lover. This was not a welcome subject to Hatton, but it furnished gossip to the courtiers, who were not generally charitable in their criticism of the royal lady. So the love phantom disappeared, never again to return to "Golden Eliza". *

* At the Luxemburg Palace, about half-a-mile from the Louvre, in Paris, is to be seen Paul De Lazoach's "Last Days of Queen Elizabeth". It is a terrific picture of a troubled spirit with whom Ambition had cunningly gambled and then rejected. Hope seems to have fled from the scene, and Remorse and Despair are, as it were, holding their last council !





“KING JAMIE” AND HIS CONSORT.

WHEN James the First prorogued the Parliament of England in 1606, he had been more than three years on the throne of this country, and during that period had made no progress in gaining the esteem or respect of his new subjects. It was in vain that he sought by speeches and proclamations to earn the reputation of political wisdom. His inattention to business, and his love of dissipation, and dissipated characters, frequently caused serious remonstrance from his Council—but all in vain. Twice a week the King devoted his time to the cruel amusement of the cock-pit—an odd diversion for the head of the Reformed Church! Day after day the chase kept the monarch on horseback from the dawn till the evening approached.* The fatigue of the chase was always followed by the “excess of the table”. The consequence was, that questions of great national importance were suffered to remain unnoticed; and not only foreign ambassadors, but even his own ministers, were occasionally debarred, during weeks together, from all access to the royal presence. *On their knees* they prayed him to give more attention to the public business. The strolling players, and those of London, held the King up to ridicule. But the self-willed Sovereign was not to be moved; and he spoke with contempt of popular disaffection,—a policy which proved fatal to his son Charles. To one

* *Winwood*, Vol. II., p. 46.

respectable deputation he replied, that he "did not intend to make himself a slave ; that his health, which was the health and welfare of them all, required exercise and relaxation ; and that he would rather retrace his steps to Scotland, than consent to be immured in his closet, or chained to the Council-table".

The players—a jovial class of persons—represented King Jamie in his passion, sometimes cursing his hounds and falcons, sometimes striking his domestics, and drinking with his Scotch grooms, who amused him with stories of the fairies, or "Border life". To be drunk but once in the twenty-four hours was what John Calvin styled "moderation". But King Jamie thought otherwise. On one occasion the King's favourite dog, Jowler, which had been lost, returned with the following letter tied to his neck :—"Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the King's Majestie, that it will please his Majestie to go back to London, for else if he do not the countrie parts will be undone, for the belly-cheer is getting very scarce, and we won't be able to entertain the King in the loving and hospitable manner we desire."

The cock-fighting was a source of ruinous expenditure to many, whilst others created an independence by it. The fee of the King's Master of the Cocks was two hundred pounds per annum—a sum in those days equal to the united salaries of two secretaries of State.*

The contrast between the Court of Elizabeth and that of James the First was remarkable. Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James the First, was the only Protestant Queen of England who either brought to this country "a ducat or bestowed an acre of land". The dower Anne possessed was the Shetlands and the Orkneys, which for a time had been pledged to the crown of Scotland. Anne of Denmark was a fitting rival for

* Abstract from the Revenue of King James.

the most beautiful of her predecessors. She was also a woman of ability, and much public spirit. She hesitated not to avow her contempt for the weakness of her husband, frequently assuming a superiority, which made him feel under constraint in her presence; and on some occasions presumed even to dispute the royal authority. The eccentric James has been represented as a moral man. That he deserved such a reputation I have many doubts. The question, however, is not worth discussing now; but let the reader remember that Jamie was the son of "lady-faced" treacherous Darnley. It has been asserted by some historians, Hume amongst the rest, that Anne of Denmark was a Papist, and, on this supposition, several miserable scandals were insinuated by the charitable-minded Scotch Presbyterians. The Scotch scandal never dared to pollute the English atmosphere. Anne kept aloof from the political intrigues of England. She almost exclusively studied the formation of the Court on a new and elegant style. To display to advantage the graces of her person and the richness of her dress, to exact and receive the homage of all around her, to shine the first among her ladies in a succession of balls and masks, became her principal study. No expense, no decoration was spared to give splendour to these entertainments; the first poets of the age were employed to compose the speeches, the first artists to frame the machinery; and Anne herself, with her favourite attendants, surprised and delighted the Court by appearing successively in the disguise of a goddess or a nymph, of a Turkish sultana or an Indian princess. The sequel to these fairy transformations and love-scenes is sad to dwell upon. A taste—a maddening feeling for the wine-cup—had unhappily seized on all classes and sex at the period of which I write. Beauty, virtue, honour, and chivalry fell prostrate before the Destroying Angel of Intemperance. In time, however, Scotland returned to its early virtues and hospitable character.

In 1618, after presiding fifteen years over the English Court, Anne of Denmark died. Her desire for public amusements had ceased sometime before her death, and she lived in retirement at Greenwich. She was long lamented by the poor of London.

King James died on the 27th of March, 1625. Though an able man, he was a weak monarch. In temper he was hasty and variable, easily provoked, and easily appeased. His conduct to pages and humbler domestics was that of a low-bred and whimsical tyrant. In early life he was surrounded by some of the worst men that ever Scotland produced.

It is a remarkable fact that, although James the First received an annual pension from Queen Elizabeth, and erected a monument to her memory in Westminster Abbey, he would not permit any *Court, or other mourning, to be worn in remembrance of Elizabeth*. When spoken to on the matter he became excited, and waved his hand to change the subject. He, on the other hand, sympathised with the family of Lord Essex, and other public men whom Elizabeth put to death, or in any way persecuted. The Howards of Norfolk, too, became Court favourites.





“SWORD OR PISTOL, SIR?”

IN all ages mankind had recourse to violent and illegitimate modes of redressing wrongs. Duels were first introduced in England by the knights-attendant on William the Conqueror. They fought with swords, and sometimes on horseback with lances. Those combats were conducted with a lamentable amount of ferocity, both parties seeming determined to inflict the most deadly blows upon their antagonists. Duelling assumed a different aspect under the Plantagenets. The reign of Henry VIII. does not furnish many instances of duels, especially among the “newly-endowed” nobles and squires who became socially “comfortable and respectable” through the monarch’s unscrupulous plunder of Church and Monastic property. One sanguinary duel concerning a lady occurred in the days of Henry VIII., and many assassinations had their origin in jealousy. Such men as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Lord Clinton, had no idea of risking their lives in duels, preferring to wreak their vengeance vicariously.

In the reign of James I. several duels were fought between gentlemen of the upper classes ; and, in some instances, between wealthy merchants. King James protested against the system, declaring it to be “an ungodly and murderous practice”. Very few duels occurred in the reign of Charles I. ; and scarcely any during the government of Oliver Cromwell, who objected

to duelling on religious grounds. He issued a proclamation, stating that whoever sent a challenge to another should be imprisoned for six months ; and if either party were killed the survivor should be treated as a murderer. Duels were prohibited in Spain by Charles V. ; but, nevertheless, many disastrous combats took place between the *grandees*. Those quarrels frequently originated at the gambling tables, for which Madrid and Toledo were notorious for centuries.

Henry II. of France was the first French king who declared against the practice of duelling. Henry IV. was also opposed to duelling, and published an edict against it. Louis XIII. made many efforts to put an end to duelling, but was unsuccessful. In fact, the "hostile meetings" were carried to the highest pitch in his reign. Several of those sanguinary duellists were beheaded by order of the king, as "inhuman and savage slayers of their fellow-creatures". One French duellist killed four men within a week with his sword, and would have killed two more but for the timely interference of the law.

Louis XIV. was opposed to duelling, and issued edicts against it, but was unsuccessful. Voltaire wrote very forcibly against duelling. On this subject he could not control his countrymen. Napoleon I. had always disapproved of duelling. Sir Sidney Smith had the presumption to challenge Napoleon to a duel, to which the First Consul replied that, "if he had been challenged by such a man as the great Duke of Marlborough, he would have respectfully considered the question". When Napoleon became Emperor, a challenge to fight a duel with swords was sent to him by Gustavus IV. To this hostile message the Emperor replied that, "as they were both monarchs, he would send Gustavus a first-class fencing-master as a plenipotentiary, to make all courtly arrangements".

Very few duels were fought in France during the reign of the first Napoleon, but a great many immediately after his abdication, and the return of the Bourbons to Paris.

In the reign of Charles II. there was a club of duellists, to which nobody was admitted who had not fought one or more duels. The president of the club is described as a "*very superior person, who killed several gentlemen in duels*". At this club a side-table was provided for those who were considered as "bad shots". The London duellists were very popular with the mobs of those times. And let me remark, that at this very period, the Catholics of England were living under the most galling despotism, the most cruel and vindictive system of injustice that ever disgraced any civilised land.

Amongst the London duellists of the days of Charles II. were Count Grammont, Colonel Talbot, subsequently known as the Duke of Tyrconnell, and in Ireland as "King James's Viceroy". Sir John Hamilton was another Irish swordsman. The Duke of Buckingham killed the Earl of Shrewsbury in a duel, under very painful circumstances. Thomas Killegrew, the king's jester, had too much common sense to fight duels.*

Duels were frequently fought amongst the wealthy planters of the West Indies. The black preachers of Jamaica declared against "the murderous practice of duelling," but all to no purpose. In one week four officers were killed in duels at Kingston.

At one time duels were frequent in Italy, especially in Naples, where they averaged from eighteen to twenty per day. Malta and Corsica also contributed to the system of duelling. In the days of Louis Quatorze it was not uncommon for ladies to fight duels. Mademoiselle Maupin challenged and wounded no less than six of her own sex. She also fought duels with

* At one period, when King Charles had shamefully neglected his public duties, Tom Killegrew suddenly entered the Royal Chamber, and the monarch, having remarked upon his jester being "booted and spurred" so early in the morning, Killegrew replied—"Why, I am *going down to H—, to fetch up Oliver Cromwell, for his successor will mind no public business at all.*"

four officers and killed three of them. French and German women fought duels down to 1820. About this time two opera singers were killed in a duel at Potsdam. The cause of this conflict was an Irish officer named O'Donelan. About the time of the accession of George III., London and its suburbs were the scenes of continuous duels. Nothing in France or Germany has ever been like it. Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields were the favourite haunts of the "men of the sword". The clash of the steel was heard at all hours of the night, and peaceable citizens were seldom safe in returning from theatres at late hours. "The young and the *old sparks*" delighted in having a quarrel about some fair dame, for a duel in that case was considered rather romantic, and the gentleman who gave the challenge was cheered by the populace. The medical profession were considered "brave fellows; the champions of women who were insulted". A doctor was sure to be "mixed up" in every romance.

Horace Walpole relates an anecdote of a lady who, in her illness, sent for a certain physician because she had special confidence in the gallant gentleman from the fact that he had fought "three successful duels in vindication of the honour of young ladies". "The duellist physician" quickly arrived, and received a warm reception from a crowd of his fair patronesses. The lady-patient, who had been in a dangerous condition, in a few days made a rapid recovery, and the doctor's popularity vastly increased with the ladies of London. The jealousies of the medical profession were sometimes settled by the sword, for the doctors had the reputation of being good swordsmen. Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward fought a duel at the gate of Gresham College: the latter slipped his foot and fell. "Take your life," exclaimed Dr. Mead. "Anything but your physic," replied the prostrate Woodward. On another occasion a sanguinary duel was fought between Dr. Williams and Surgeon Bennet. In this case swords and pistols were used. Both

were mortally wounded. Williams, on retiring from the terrible scene, fell, and having been raised from the ground by his seconds, he faintly uttered these words :—"I am sorry indeed for what has occurred. I forgive everyone, and I hope the Almighty will have mercy upon my soul. Let my fate be as a warning to all present." In a few moments Williams expired. Dr. Bennet was carried home, and died four hours later.

Windmill Street, near Piccadilly, was often the place chosen for a street fight between young gentlemen of rank and the lower classes. Sticks, swords, and stones were freely used on those occasions. All parties were unanimous in beating the "Old Charlies," or watchmen. "A country parson," who was passing one night, attempted to remonstrate with a young nobleman for knocking down "a Charlie". "My good sir," exclaimed the youthful, thoughtless patrician, "it is all for fun". The London "peace-officers," in those days, were utterly useless in any attempt to put down popular turbulence; but a troop of dragoons, sword in hand, soon cleared the streets, and restored order.

The duellist party held their position for a long time undisturbed by Government or public opinion.

Addison and Steele wrote very strongly against the practice of duelling, yet it is affirmed that they were forced to fight themselves, or be severely horsewhipped.

A writer upon "London life" in those times, states that a brave action, far exceeding anything that the combatants performed, was that of a servant, who carried his master away in his arms, and, at the same time, struggling to defend him from the slashing of swords on all sides. One of the duellists was so struck with the conduct of the fearless domestic, that he sent him fifty guineas on the following day. Pat Quinn, the servant in question, was a "Tipperary boy," measuring six feet four inches in height, and a famous ball-player.

In the early part of the reign of George III. no less than two

hundred duels were fought in England alone. Sixty-nine people were killed, and a large number wounded. Duelling was most popular and frequent amongst members of the Irish Parliament. At one time, in Dublin, the Master of the Rolls left his court to meet the Attorney-General in hostile combat in the Phoenix Park. Judges and lawyers frequently went to the field. Sir Jonah Barrington, Lord Castlereagh, Henry Grattan, Sir Boyle Roche, Lord Norbury, Colonel Tottenham, Hely Hutchinson, Lord Clonmel, the Frenches of Roscommon, the Martyns, the Browns, the Bodkins, the Dalys, the Burkes, and the "fighting Fitzgeralds," kept Ireland in constant turmoil. A very notable duel took place in Ireland about 1815, between Daniel O'Connell and Captain d'Esterre, when the latter was mortally wounded. Many of the political leaders in England fought duels. Charles James Fox fought with Mr. Adam in 1779; the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox (known at a subsequent time as the Duke of Richmond)* had "a hostile meeting" in 1789. John Kemble exchanged shots with Mr. Aikin in 1792. Lord Castlereagh and George Canning fought in 1809. Pitt and Tierney had a hostile meeting in 1792. In 1829 the Duke of Wellington sent a challenge to Lord Winchelsea, who attributed "Papistical motives" to the Duke, in consequence of his bringing before the Parliament the Catholic Relief Bill. Lord Winchelsea received the Duke of Wellington's fire without being hit, and then most gracefully apologised. The late Mr. Roebuck fought a duel in 1839 with the father of the present Lord Powerscourt. Neither party received a wound. Mr. Roebuck fired his pistol in the air, and then expressed regret for his intemperate language. At that time Mr. Roebuck was an ultra-Radical, and Lord Powerscourt an Orangeman and a representative Tory of the old No-surrender School. The more noted school of duellists had

* The noted L.L. whisky, manufactured by Kinahan & Co., Dublin, was made for the Duke of Richmond, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

passed away some fifty years antecedent to the "flash-in-the-pan" fight between Mr. Roebuck and Lord Powerscourt. The notorious John Wilkes fought many duels with his political opponents. His first duel was with Lord Talbot, in 1762, at which time pistols were generally in use. Wilkes stated that "he had brought a flask full of powder and a bag of bullets, so that he could fully accommodate his lordship". The affair ended amicably. Wilkes and Colonel Martyn, the well-known "Galway man of the sword and pistol," fought in Paris; "no accident occurred," and Martyn entertained his English antagonist to a sumptuous banquet in the evening. Charles Lever's marvellously amusing "Charles O'Malley" is said to partly represent some scenes in the life and adventures of the eccentric Dick Martyn, of Ballinahinch Castle, in the picturesque wilds of Connemara. It is not generally known that the Act of Parliament against "Cruelty to Animals" was passed *originally* by Colonel Martyn, the famous duellist and cock-fighter. After many years of outlawry for debt, Colonel Martyn died at Boulogne—his next-door neighbour being another "celebrity of the past" (George Brummell), once the fascinating companion of royalty and leader of "fashion". It was stated that both Martyn and Brummell became Catholics before the close of life, but I can find no confirmation of this statement.

Of "Fighting Fitzgerald" much might be related, as he lived in the days of the Irish Parliament. He was hanged in Castlebar for *not killing* his antagonist in a duel "according to the code of honour"—the phrase of the times. Judge Robinson, a contemporary, stated that "they had murdered *the* murderer". At the execution, the High Sheriff, Lord John Browne, actually had a pardon in his pocket granted by the Viceroy. Browne was a personal enemy of Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald was well known in the "fighting circles" of Dublin, London, and Paris. He was nephew to the patriotic Hervey, Bishop of Derry, a noted man in the Irish Parliament.

It is alleged that "honest Tom Steele," who proposed O'Connell at the Clare election in 1828, challenged the "grand panel" of Clare, nearly three hundred gentlemen; but Steele being "a dead shot," the Tory Panel declined "the favours offered". Steele appeared at the hustings with a brace of pistols and a bag of bullets, but happily, at the suggestion of O'Connell, the election was conducted in a peaceful and orderly manner. Unfortunate Tom Steele lost his property in an endeavour, with Mina, to revolutionise Spain; he became reduced to poverty, and in a moment of despair, attempted suicide at Waterloo Bridge. The history of this poor gentleman is one of the saddest on record. Amongst the disinterested Protestant patriots of Ireland, Thomas Steele stood in the very front rank; yet that large section of his countrymen, for whom he laboured, left him to perish of want. His remains were buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, near Dublin. He was a scholar of Cambridge University. Tom Steele was not the only Protestant patriot who was neglected by those for whom he laboured. I refer the reader to a remarkable case which is printed in the 3rd vol. of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, page 234.

I believe The O'Gorman Mahon, the *present* member for Clare, is the last person living who figured in the ever-memorable Clare election of 1828. The O'Gorman Mahon fought several duels, and one especially with Maurice O'Connell, but happily both shots missed.

In 1835, Mr. Ruthven, the Repeal member for Dublin, fought a duel with Alderman Perrin. The latter sent his bullet through Southwell Ruthven's hat, which continued to be worn by Mr. Ruthven during the election excitement. "Honest Ned Ruthven" is now taking his long sleep in Glasnevin Cemetery, not far from Philpot Curran and a crowd of other noble Irish patriots of by-gone days.

In 1828, a duel was fought near Dublin between Mr. Brick,

a rising Catholic lawyer, and an Orange squire named Hayes. The former was shot through the heart, and fell dead. Brick's last words were: "Now, for *my country and my honour*". He was immensely respected, and O'Connell paid a beautiful tribute to his memory. The Dublin ballads of the time presented a most pathetic lament for unfortunate Brick. Mr. Brick was a special favourite in the hospitable circles for which old Dublin was remarkable some sixty years ago.

Sir Henry Hardinge challenged O'Connell at a period when he knew the latter was "bound never to fight again". The cause of the challenge originated in a speech of O'Connell's, where he described Sir Henry Hardinge as "the chance-child of fortune and of war". The facts were quite the contrary; so O'Connell admitted in his calmer moments of reflection. Mr. Peel also challenged O'Connell, and the Government had him arrested, lest he might fight. Peel was no fighting man; yet he was no coward. He was an Orangeman at this period.

Byron and Tom Moore had "a meeting," but when the former learned that the Irish poet was only a few days married, he declared that nothing could induce him to run the chance of making the bride a widow. This chivalrous incident was the opening scene to a long and unbroken friendship between the two poets.

What creed or party of the English-speaking nations could refuse the sentiment written by Lord Byron—"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore". The poetry of Thomas Moore has been described as a rose without thorns—its touch velvety, its colour roseate, and its graceful form moulded by the hands of Love and Beauty. The delicious aroma which escapes from the flowers of poetry sheds a perennial perfume upon the virgin creations of the Bard of Erin, which preserve his memory in the everlasting affections of Civilisation.

John Sheehan, editor of the *Dublin Comet*, fought two duels about fifty-three years ago. Sheehan was a brave man,

and devotedly attached to the Catholic party of those times. He was, naturally, an uncompromising enemy of the Protestant Church, *as then* "politically constituted". He is dead about eighteen months; but has long been forgotten by the country whom he faithfully served. He was a native of Kildare. John Sheehan was an expert swimmer. Forty-two years ago he saved the lives of two young ladies near Calais, one of whom is still alive. Mr. Sheehan was much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. He possessed a vast fund of Irish anecdote. John Sheehan will long be remembered by that faithful few who continued their friendship to the end. Peace to his shade!

I cannot pass over Brinsley Sheridan's duel with Mr. Matthews. This fierce combat was fought in a large drawing-room in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. The weapons used were swords. Sheridan disarmed his antagonist after a severe conflict, and made him sign a written apology, withdrawing in an abject manner the offensive language used by Matthews in a Bath newspaper against the honour of Miss Lindley, a noted vocalist, who was about to be married to Sheridan. When Brinsley Sheridan recovered from his wounds, he led the beautiful Anne Lindley to the altar, amidst the hearty good wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

Here is a duel briefly noticed by Macaulay in the fifth volume of his *History of England*, edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan:—

"A tragical duel took place in Westminster, in 1699, in the days of William the Third. Conway Seymour, the eldest son of Sir Edward Seymour, had lately come of age. He was in possession of an independent fortune of seven thousand pounds a year, which he lavished in costly fopperies. The "Town" had nicknamed him Beau Seymour. He was displaying his curls and his embroidery in St. James' Park on a midsummer evening, after indulging too freely in wine, when a young officer of the Blues named Kirke, who was as tipsy as himself, passed near him. "There

goes Beau Seymour," said Kirke. Seymour flew into a rage. Angry words were exchanged between the foolish young men, and they immediately went beyond the precinct of the Court, drew swords, and exchanged some passes. Seymour was wounded in the neck. . . . Though a coxcomb and a voluptuary, Seymour seems to have had some fine qualities. The wounds proved fatal; and on the last day of his life he saw Kirke, who implored his forgiveness. The dying man said he freely forgave him, as he hoped to be forgiven himself."

The sword was a popular weapon in the reign of William the Third. The noted Wharton was considered the best English swordsman of the reign of William and Mary. The maxim of several political duelists of those days was—"Life for life". And another squire's dying advice to his son was—"Be always ready with the pistol, and then you will find the swaggering coxcombs in the House of Commons very civil and measured in their words to you". The gross and vulgar personalities and obstruction of public business practised in the present Parliament of England would not have been tolerated in the days of William the Third.

Few duels took place in Germany, except amongst the quarrelsome students of the universities, and which occur even now. To the present day dreadful encounters with sword and pistol take place in Russia, and sometimes in South America.

That great legal commentator, Blackstone, lays down the law, "that if a man is killed in a duel it should be *regarded as murder*, and that the seconds should be treated *as accomplices*". For many years past Religion and Civilisation have given a new tone to public opinion in England, and one of the happy results is to be found in the banishment of duelling as a mode of settling wrongs—supposed or imaginary.



GOTHIC AND GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

DURING the period of English history included in my present survey, the nobility continued for the most part to inhabit their ancient castles; edifices which, originally adapted by strength of situation and construction merely to defence, were now in many instances, by the alteration of the original buildings, and by the accession of additional ones, became splendid palaces. Among these it may be sufficient to mention Kenilworth, renowned for gorgeous festivities, where the Earl of Leicester was reported to have expended 60,000 pounds in buildings. Some curious notices of the habitations of the time are preserved in Leland's *Itinerary*, written about 1585, as in the following description of Wresehill Castle, near Howden, in Yorkshire:—"Most part of the base court is timber. The castle is moated on three parts; the fourth part is dry, where the entry is into the castle. Five towers, one at each corner; the gateway is the fifth, having five lodgings in height; three of the other towers have four lodgings in height; the fourth containeth the buttery, pantry, pastry, lardery and kitchen. In one of the towers a study called Paradise, where was a closet in the middle of eight squares latticed; about, and at the top of every square was a desk lodged to set books on, &c. The garde robe in the castle was exceeding fair; and so were the gardens within the moat and the orchards without; and in the orchards were

mounts *opere topiario* writhing about with degrees like turnings of a cockle-shell, to come to top without pain."

These castles, though converted into dwellings of some convenience and magnificence, still retained formidable strength, which was proved in the following century, when so many of them sustained sieges for the King or the Parliament, and were finally dilapidated. Besides the regularly fortified castles, there were many mansion-houses of inferior importance, which, though not capable of resisting a regular siege, were strengthened against a tumultuous or hasty invasion. These, however, generally formed a square of building enclosing a court, and surrounded by a moat. A drawbridge formed the only access, which was protected by an embattled gatehouse. One side of the square was principally occupied by a great hall, and the offices and lodgings were distributed on the other sides.

Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, and Layer Marney, in Essex, are fine examples of these houses. They were frequently made of timber, as Moreton Hall, in Cheshire, and Speke Hall, near Liverpool. Leland describes Morley House, near Manchester, as "builded—saving the foundation—of stone squared, that riseth within a great mote a 6 foot above the water—all of timber, after the common sort of building of the gentlemen for most of Lancashire". Sometimes a strong tower was added to one corner as a citadel, which might be maintained when the rest of the house was destroyed. This is the case with the curious house of Stokesay, in Shropshire, where the situation near the Welsh border might render such an additional security desirable. Thus the forms of ancient fortification were continued awhile rather from habit or ostentation than from any more important motives; but in the new buildings erected during the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, they were finally laid aside. In some stately houses, though the show of strength was discontinued, the general form remained the same. The circuit of building was entire, and enclosed

one or more courts; a gateway formed the entrance, and the great hall was placed at the opposite side of the first court. Such was Audley End, in its original state, one of the largest and most sumptuous houses in the kingdom. In other instances the house assumes the half-H shape, with the offices placed in the wings; and the circuit is only completed by terraces and low walls; the gatehouse remains as a detached lodge, or is entirely omitted. Examples of this form are numerous, as Holland House at Kensington, Oxnead and Blickling Halls in Norfolk, Beaudesert and Wimbledon House, built by Sir Thomas Cecil in 1588, remarkable for a great ascent of steps and terraces disposed in a manner resembling some Italian villas. In others the offices are detached in separate masses, or concealed, or placed in a basement story, and only the body of the house remains. This disposition does not differ from the most modern arrangements. Of these houses Longleat, in Wiltshire, and Wollaton, near Nottingham, are fine examples.

The distribution of domestic buildings is well illustrated in the Survey of Theobald's taken by the Parliament's Commissioners in 1650. This mansion was built by Lord Burleigh about 1560; it afterwards became a favourite residence of James the First, who received it from Lord Salisbury in exchange for the manor and palace of Hatfield. The Survey contains a very minute and accurate description of Theobald's palace, from which the following account is given, partly in the words of the old surveyors:—It consisted of two principal quadrangles; besides the dial court, the buttery court, and the dovehouse court, in which the offices were situated. The fountain court was a square of 86 feet, on the east side of which was a cloister of seven arches. On the ground floor of this quadrangle was a spacious hall, the roof of which was arched with carved timber of curious workmanship. On the same floor were Lord Holland's, the Marquis of Hamilton's,

and Lord Salisbury's apartments, and the council chamber and waiting room. On the second floor was the presence chamber, finished with carved oak wainscoting and a ceiling full of gilded pendants. Also the privy chamber, the withdrawing room, the king's bed-chamber, and a gallery 123 feet long—"wainscoted with oak, and paintings over the same of divers cities, rarely painted and set forth; with a fret ceiling, with divers pendants, roses and flower-de-luces; likewise divers large stags' heads, which were an excellent ornament to the same". On the upper floor were the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings and several other apartments, with terrace walks on the leads. At each corner stood a high and fair tower, and over the hall in the middle "a large and fair turret, in the fashion of a lantern, curiously wrought with divers pinnacles at each corner, wherein hangeth 12 bells for chiming, and a clock with chimes, and sundry work". The middle court was a quadrangle of 110 feet square, on the south side of which were the Queen's chapel, presence chamber, and other apartments. The prince's lodgings were on the north side; on the east side was a cloister, over which was the green gallery, 109 feet by 12 feet, "excellently well painted with the several shires in England and the arms of the noblemen and gentlemen in the same". Over the gallery was a leaded walk, on which were two lofty arches of brick, of no small ornament to the house, and rendering it comely and pleasant to all that passed by. On the west side of the quadrangle was another cloister on five arches, over which were the duke's lodgings, and over them the queen's gallery. On the south side of the house stood a large open cloister, built upon several large fair pillars, arched over "with a fair rail and balustrés; well painted with the kings and queens of England, and the pedigree of the old Lord Burleigh, and divers other ancient families, with paintings of many castles and battles". The gardens at Theobald's were large, and ornamented with labyrinths, canals, and fountains. The great

garden contained seven acres, besides which were the pheasant garden, privy garden, and laundry garden. In the former were nine knots artificially and exquisitely made, one of which was set forth in likeness of the king's arms. This description, and Bacon's idea of a palace in his 45th Essay, with their numerous cloisters, galleries, and turrets, are well illustrated by the plan of Audley End, in its original state, given in Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, Vol. II. It is such a mansion that is described in the following lines of a contemporary poet :—

“ High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far overlaid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers ;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.”

FAIRY QUEEN, *B. I., Canto IV.*

The houses erected during the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century were frequently of magnificent dimensions ; picturesque from the varied lines and projections of the plan and elevation, and rich by the multiplicity of parts ; but they had lost all beauty of detail. The builders, having abandoned the familiar and long-practised Gothic style, were now to serve their apprenticeship in Grecian architecture : “ stately Doricke and neat Ionicke work ” were introduced as fashionable novelties, employed first in the porches and frontispieces, and gradually extended over the whole fronts of buildings. Among the architects employed at this period some foreign names occur. Holbein was much favoured by Henry VIII., and gave various designs for buildings at the old palaces of Whitehall and St. James's. John of Padua had a salary as deviser of His Majesty's buildings, and was employed to build the palace of the protector Somerset. Jerome de Trevisi is also mentioned ; and it is said that the designs for Longleat and a model of Audley End were obtained from

Italy. The last circumstance is altogether extraordinary ; this was the very best period of Italian architecture, and it seems highly improbable that semi-barbarous designs should proceed from the country of Palladio and Vignola. Thorpe, Smithson, and other Englishmen, were also eminent builders ; and probably these persons might have travelled, and thus have gained the imperfect knowledge of Grecian architecture which appears in their works. They were immediately followed by Inigo Jones, who formed his style particularly on the works of Palladio, and became the founder of classic architecture in this country.

There is a remarkable and beautiful analogy between the progress of Grecian and Gothic architecture, in both of which I find that while the powers of decoration were extended, the process of construction was improved and simplified. Thus the Doric, the primitive order, is full of difficulties in its arrangement, which render it only applicable to simple plans and to buildings where the internal distribution is of inferior consequence. The Ionic, though more ornamental, is by the suppression of the divisions in the frieze so simplified as to be readily applicable to more complicated arrangements : still the capital presents difficulties from the dissimilarity of the front and sides, which objection is finally obviated by the introduction of that rich and exquisite composition, the Corinthian capital. Thus is obtained an order of the most elegant and ornamented character, but possessing a happy simplicity and regularity of composition which render it more easy of application than any other. In like manner in the later, which has been called the florid style of Gothic architecture, there are buildings astonishingly rich and elaborate ; but we find this excess of ornament supported and rendered practicable by a principle of simplicity in design and construction. In the earlier and middle styles of Gothic there are various difficulties of execution and some faults of composition : such as the

slender detached shafts, the richly-carved capitals, the flowing and varied tracery of the windows, and that profuse variety in detail which frequently causes the windows, capitals, buttresses and pinnacles of the same buildings to differ from one another. But the latter style has more uniformity in corresponding parts; the capitals are very generally composed of plain mouldings, and the divisions of the windows consist chiefly of horizontal and perpendicular lines, with few of the beautiful and difficult combinations of curves which are found in the preceding style. The general principle of decoration is to leave no plain surface, but to divide the whole into a series of panneling, by which is produced an extraordinary richness of effect, though the parts, when examined separately, are generally of simple forms, and such as will admit of an easy and mechanical execution. The introduction of the four-centred arch enlarged the powers of design, enabled architects in many instances to proportion better the vault to the upright, and even to introduce vaults where they would have been inapplicable in the former style, on account of the want of elevation in rooms—as in the divinity school at Oxford. Without concurring in the ignorant wonder which has raised the vaulted ceilings of this style to the rank of mysteries, we may admire the ingenuity which has rendered real simplicity of construction the foundation of beautiful forms and of the most elaborate decoration. The most celebrated examples of this style are so highly finished, so exuberant in ornament, that the term *florid* has been applied as a characteristic epithet for the style; but there are many instances of very simple and unornamental buildings of the same period agreeing in all the essential principles of construction and design; and a late writer has with more propriety adopted the term *perpendicular* for this mode of architecture. This later Gothic, easy of construction and possessing a variety of character applicable to every kind of building, is well adapted for modern imitation.

But the power of mutability was at work, and Gothic architecture was doomed to fall. The first step towards its decline was pursuing to excess the principle of simplification and retrenching the most essential ornaments. The large windows of houses were merely divided by horizontal and upright bars, and, deprived of tracery and feathering, were as void of beauty in the details as in the general proportions; buttresses and battlements were generally omitted. A great deterioration took place in the decorative part; the ornamental pannels and friezes of the Gothic style, consisting of geometrical combinations of circles and straight-lines, had always a distinct outline and a sharpness of effect which contrasted agreeably with the foliage so often intermixed; but these were succeeded by strange grotesque combinations, confused and void of outline and regularity. The source of ornament was now sought in the orders and members of Grecian architecture; but the eyes which had been accustomed to the Gothic flutter of parts were not prepared to relish the simplicity of line which is essential to the beauty of the Greek style. Columns of a small size, inaccurately and coarsely executed, with arcades and grotesque caryatids, formed the ornaments of porches and frontispieces—as at Browseholme House in Yorkshire, Wimbledon, and the Schools-tower at Oxford—or were spread over the whole front, and formed the cloisters and galleries in which those ancient mansions abounded—as at Holland House, Longleat, Wollaton, Audley End, Longford Castle, &c. The roofs were either faced with notched and curved gables, or screened by parapets of balustres or latticed work, and decorated with obelisks and columnar chimney shafts; while turrets and pavilions broke the line of elevation. The windows were very large, and frequently bowed. Thus, Bacon remarks in his Essay before referred to, that “you shall have sometimes fair houses so full of glass that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun or cold”. In wooden houses, and par-

ticularly town houses, the upper stories generally projected beyond the lower, with windows extremely wide, so as to occupy almost the whole line of front. The timbers were frequently left bare, carved and disposed in forms of panneling, while the various projections were supported by grotesque figures. Very curious houses of this class are still found in several old towns—namely, Chester, Shrewsbury, Coventry, and the obscure parts of London.

Among interior decorations, chimney-pieces were very conspicuous; they were miniature frontispieces, consisting, like the porches of the houses, of a mass of columns, arches, niches, and caryatids, piled up to the ceiling. Of these there is one at the old Tabley Hall, in Cheshire, singularly rude and grotesque—though dated so late as 1619—containing a hunting-piece and figures of Lucrece and Cleopatra. Another in Queen Elizabeth's Gallery at Windsor Castle is very rich, and comparatively pure and elegant in design. The sepulchral monuments of this age are very numerous, but only differ from those of an earlier date in the substitution of the members of Grecian for those of Gothic architecture, or rather in the confused mixture of both. The "unformed" style of this period is well characterised in the following lines of Spenser, describing the access to the island containing the temple of Venus:—

"It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,
With curious corbs and pendants graven fair;
And arched all with porches did arise
On stately pillars framed after the Doric guise."

On the whole, this, though an honourable period for literature, was lost for the Fine Arts. The incongruous mixture of the conflicting principles of Grecian and Gothic architecture produced buildings that were sad-looking to a cultivated taste. Together with the architectural orders, our artists had received models and authorities for the grotesque style which they were

but too ready to follow. This style of ornament had prevailed in ancient Rome early enough to be reprobated in the work of Vitruvius, and lay unobserved among obscure and subterraneous ruins till the discovery of the Baths of Titus opened a rich magazine of gay and capricious ornament. "Glorious Raphael," struck with these remains of the antique art of painting, adopted the same style of ornament in the galleries of the Vatican, enriching and enlivening it with the stores of allegory and mythology furnished by his poetical fancy. The example of such a man could not want imitators; it influenced the whole architecture of France, which very early possessed artists of great merit, and appeared in England with very inferior effect. It may well be imagined that this style, naturally licentious and only rendered tolerable by grace of composition and brilliancy of execution, would become utterly contemptible when presenting only coarsely-executed and unmeaning extravagances.

Such was the general character of Art. We may, however, make discriminations, and admit comparative merit. Wimbledon House, seated on the side of a hill, was remarkable for a magnificent disposition of steps and terraces, like an Italian villa; Wollaton Hall was admired for the grandeur of its masses; Carlton House had a very picturesque arrangement of heights in the elevation. Longleat, on the other hand, had much simplicity of form. In its square projections and three orders of columns, or pilasters, it bears no remote resemblance to the ancient part of the Louvre built some fifty years before the first Revolution, though without the purity and delicacy of the details of the architecture and sculpture which distinguished the old French buildings.*

The history of ancient Architecture is yet unwritten, and, in every way, worthy of consideration.

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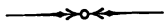
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